The Outlook

NOVEMBER 17, 1920

POLITICAL COURTESIES AND SUGGESTIONS

SINCE his election, Senator Harding has announced his intention of visiting the Panama Canal. Promptly upon the publication of this news, Secretary Daniels telegraphed on behalf of President Wilson, offering President-elect Harding the use of the Mayflower to transport him to Hampton Roads and the use of a battleship to carry him thence to the Zone. This courtesy was graciously declined by Mr. Harding in a telegram which cordially expressed his thanks for the offer.

Secretary Daniels's suggestion was worthy of the best American tradition in the attitude which it manifested towards a political opponent. The tradition was several times violated during the campaign, but never by Senator Harding. Secretary Baker has also spoken for the War Department in offering full military courtesies to the President-elect during his visit in the Zone and in offering to extend to him a similar courtesy should he desire to inspect conditions along the Mexican border.

Governor Cox has issued an admirable statement, in which he expressed the hope that the Democratic party would co-operate with the new Administration and refrain from political sabotage.

A suggestion which emanated from William Jennings Bryan has deserved the publicity which it has received. Mr. Bryan believes that, since the Nation so overwhelmingly voiced its desire for a Republican Administration, President Wilson should not wait until March 4 to resign the reins of office, but should now withdraw in favor of Vice-President Marshall. Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bryan suggests, could then appoint Mr. Harding as Secretary of State, and in turn withdraw in his favor, making Mr. Harding President.

So far as we can see, there would be nothing unconstitutional in such a procedure. It is interesting, not as a probable course of action, but as an indication of the real flexibility in our apparently inflexible Constitution. Under the British system, as Americans well know, when one party is defeated, the opposing party at once comes into power. If Mr. Bryan's suggestion were to be followed, the American type of government without any formal change could be made almost as responsive as that of Great Britain.

That Mr. Bryan has lost neither his fertility in political suggestion nor his sense of humor may be judged from this and the fact that he is also reported as saying, in substance: "I don't see how Governor Cox was so badly beaten when I didn't help him."

SENATOR HARDING AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

DURING the recent Presidential campaign there was a good deal of heated discussion about Senator Harding's attitude towards the principle of substituting for war in international disputes an appeal to reason and justice through the agency of a League of Nations. Some intelligent Americans were convinced that Mr. Harding's sympathies, if not his outspoken declarations, were for a policy of American isolation. We did not think so, and the results of the election indicate that the majority of the American people did not think so. How, then, did the impression get abroad among intelligent men, especially in university circles, that Mr. Harding was committed to a policy of "going it alone"?

We think the answer may be found in the headlines of the daily newspapers. In his much-discussed Des Moines speech, for example, Mr. Harding said in reply to Mr. Cox, and referring to the Covenant of the League of Nations, "I am not for clarification, but for rejection." The newspaper headlines reported this statement as follows: "Harding rejects the League outright." Readers jumped to the conclusion that this meant that he was against all association with other civilized nations in an attempt to enforce international law. But if they had read the speech itself capped by these startling headlines they would have found that Mr. Harding was referring, when he used the word "rejection," simply to the Covenant of the League of Nations as framed at Paris, for he continued with these words: "As soon as possible after my election I shall advise with the best minds in the United States, and especially I shall consult in advance with the Senate, with whom by the terms of the Constitution I shall be bound to counsel and without whose consent no such international association can be formed, to the end that we shall have an Association of Nations for the promotion of international peace."

Another instance of misleading headlines is found in the report of Mr. Harding's significant speech at Marion, on November 4, to a group of his neighbors who had gathered to congratulate him on his victory. The newspaper headlines reporting this speech read as follows: "Harding declares the Versailles League is 'now deceased.'" The natural inference of those who went no further than the headlines was that Mr. Harding was rejoicing over the fact that the movement for international peace had received a final and fatal blow. Those, however, who, with a justifiable distrust of headline writers, went on and read the complete address found that what he said was this:

> I didn't see as much sorrow in your faces as I had apprehended. It's not that you or I question the desire of America to play its part; it's not that we question the high ideals of those who were responsible for the Versailles Covenant. You just didn't want a surrender of the United States of America, you wanted America to go on under American ideals. That's why you didn't care for the League which is now deceased.
>
> America is playing a great part now. America is healing the heart of the old world to-night as no other nation, but there is more to do. There is a new world relationship, and when the next Administration comes into power we're going to play our part. We're going to ask for nations associated together in justice, but it shall be an association which surrenders nothing of American freedom.

The lesson is that, while the American headline writer is usually clever and interesting, he cannot be depended upon for all the facts. The man who scans the headlines and thinks he has the news of the day is not infrequently apt to be misled.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL QUESTION IN MICHIGAN

ANOTHER illustration of misleading newspaper headlines is found in the reports of the vote of the electorate of Michigan on the so-called Parochial School Amendment to the Constitution

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of that State. The proposed Amendment provided that all children between the ages of five and sixteen should be compelled to attend the public schools. A clear-sighted and impartial correspondent in Michigan informs us that the movement which led to the framing of this Amendment was aimed directly at the Roman Catholic Church and was designed to close its parochial schools. Protestant schools, however, were also involved, the Lutheran, Adventist, and Christian Reformed Churches all having parochial day schools. Perhaps the supporters of the Amendment did not realize the sweeping effect it might have on the general course of education, but if it had passed all the secular private schools in the State would have been closed. The Secretary of State refused to place the question on the primary ballot, the Attorney-General having advised that the Amendment would, if adopted, be unconstitutional. Its supporters carried the matter to the Supreme Court, which decided, wisely, we think, that the Amendment should go to the voters, and that the function of the Court is to pass on the constitutionality of a law after its enactment and not before. The Amendment being thus submitted to the voters, they, also wisely, it seems to us, decisively rejected it by a vote of nearly two to one. Whereupon a great New York newspaper placed upon its special and prominent despatch from Detroit the headline: "Michigan Approves Parochial Schools." The voters of Michigan, we believe, did nothing of the kind. They simply sustained the American principle of freedom under regulation, or, as a writer in the Grand Rapids, Michigan, "Press" expresses it, the voters took the intelligent and logical position that "the State has the right to investigate and regulate but not to dominate schools."

The American public school system is founded upon the principle that the State has the right and the duty to see that all its children are made competent citizens as far as education can so make them, and that all the citizens are to be taxed for this purpose. Parents who desire and are able to furnish their children with an education at least equivalent in standards and efficiency to that required and supplied by the State should be permitted to do so.

The real danger of parochial schools, whether Protestant or Catholic, is that they tend to develop in their patrons a desire to be relieved of their school taxes. This tendency should be combated frankly wherever it shows itself. For the public school system, the greatest of all American institutions and the unique contribution that the American people have made to the history of democracy, will be greatly weakened, perhaps even destroyed, if the school moneys are divided, diverted, or paid over to private teachers and boards of management. Provided that universal taxation for school purposes is maintained and the right of the State to determine the minimum standards of education is unabridged, parents should have the freedom to educate their children where they will.

WHERE ARE THE FAMILIAR FACES?

STRIKING changes in the new Congress will be noted in the Senate. Among very familiar faces there will no longer be seen (at least not for six years after March 4, 1921) those of Senators Chamberlain and Gore.

Mr. Chamberlain, twice Governor of Oregon, has been since 1909 in the Senate, where, as an eminent authority there on army matters (he was Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee), his influence was felt far and wide. Though a Democrat, he pointed out unsparingly the deficiencies of a Democratic Administration and was an effective thorn in its side. As his course has always been independent, many thousand Oregon Republicans have voted for him election after election. If the next President includes a Democrat in his Cabinet and selects a civilian as Secretary of War, what better candidate could there be than Mr. Chamberlain?

Mr. Gore has represented Oklahoma in the Senate ever since Oklahoma became a State. He is blind, his face is singularly striking, his oratory is brilliant, and, like Senator Chamberlain, though a Democrat, he has opposed some of President Wilson's policies.

These Senators are succeeded respectively by Robert N. Stanfield and John W. Harreld. For days after the election Scott Ferris, Democrat, the able Congressman from Oklahoma, was supposed to have won the succession to Senator Gore, whom he defeated in the primaries. Mr. Harreld is one of the few Republicans ever elected to office in Oklahoma. The unexpected Republican addition arising from the election of these men, together with Mr. Cameron from Arizona, Mr. Ernst from Kentucky (whose defeat of Senator Beckham was not known until several days after the election), Mr. Weller from Maryland, and certain others, brings up the Senate Republican majority to twenty-two.

CHANGES IN THE HOUSE

IN the House of Representatives there are equally striking changes. A hundred and nineteen members of the present House were not returned. Some were not candidates for re-election; a few, like Scott Ferris, were candidates for Senatorial honors; some were defeated in the primaries. But most were defeated on November 2.

The results of the elections on that date seem almost incredible. Republicans won solid delegations from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and from all of the States west of the Mississippi and north of Oklahoma, with one exception—California. And, what is more, the Republicans won solid delegations, save the admixture of one Democrat, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Missouri. The New Jersey result recalls the condition of the future lower house of its State Legislature; one Democratic Assemblyman will represent his party there.

Three very familiar faces will be absent from the House—at least for two years from March 4, 1921.

First is that of Champ Clark, Democrat, member of the Fifty-third and of the Fifty-fifth and succeeding Congresses, inclusive of the present. In two of those Congresses he was minority leader and in four Speaker. His great popularity is indicated by the fact that at the Baltimore Convention of 1912 he led on twenty-seven ballots, and, what is more, on no less than eight of them had a clear majority. Had the Republican rule prevailed in Democratic conventions, Mr. Clark would have doubtless won the seat now occupied by Woodrow Wilson.

General Isaac R. Sherwood, Democrat, will not be seen in the next Congress. He is the dean of both branches of Congress. He will be eighty-six on his next birthday. He stands as straight as ever, as befits a gallant soldier of the Civil War. His tall form, crowned by shaggy white hair, has been as much a "sight" in the House to be pointed out to visitors as have been the better-known faces of ex-Speakers Cannon and Clark. General Sherwood has represented the Toledo district of Ohio in Congress for many years.

Doubtless the most efficient legislator in the House, who must now needs retire because of defeat at the primaries, is John J. Esch, Republican, from Wisconsin. He was defeated by the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

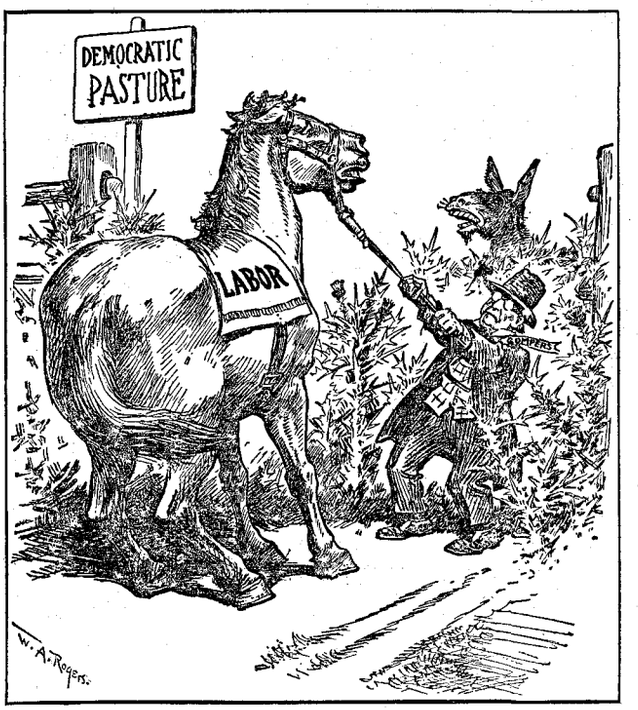
(See offer on page 522)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

"NOW THAT THAT'S OVER, LET'S GET TO WORK!"

From Charles Gillingham, Germantown, Pennsylvania

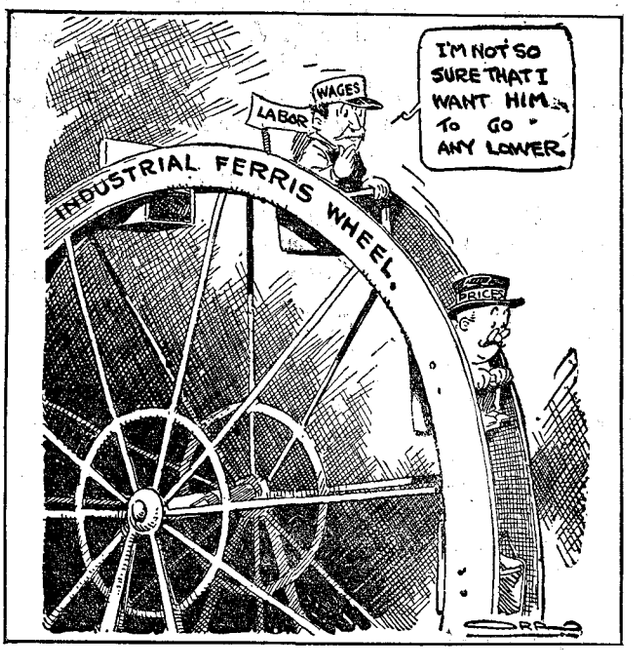
Rogers in the Los Angeles Daily Times



NOT FOR HIM

From F. L. Munn, Los Angeles, California

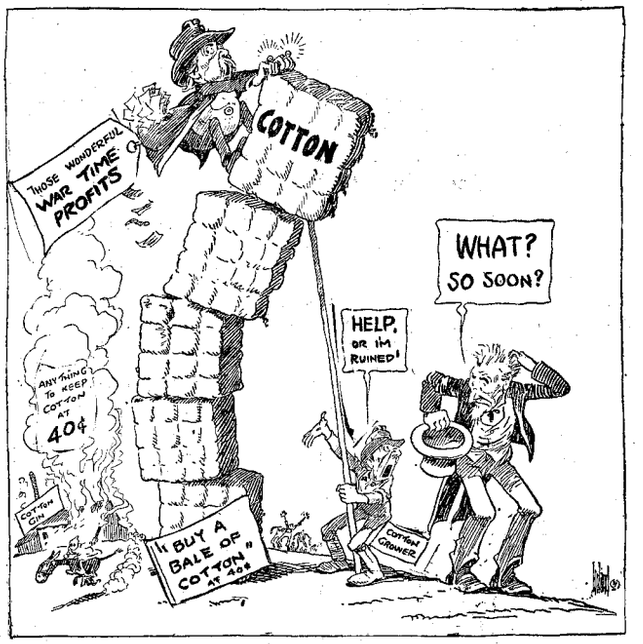
Orr in the Chicago Tribune



HE FOLLOWED HIM UP AND HE'LL FOLLOW HIM DOWN

From Mrs. A. A. Mourer, Logansport, Indiana

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



WE CONSUMERS OF COTTON DON'T UNDERSTAND IT

From L. R. Kelch, Nelsonville, Ohio

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ALICE M. ROBERTSON, OF OKLAHOMA, REPRESENTATIVE-ELECT

combined efforts of the Plumb Plan League, the Non-Partisan League, and Senator La Follette. Mr. Esch, with Senator Cummins, originated the Transportation Act of 1920. He has served continuously in the House for twenty-two years. His great experience should be utilized by the new Administration; were he to be appointed to the vacancy on the Inter-State Commerce Commission which will shortly occur, the selection would be appropriate.

NEW MEMBERS

AMONG the new faces in the House will be that of Alice Robertson, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, the second woman to go to Congress and the only woman to be in the Sixty-seventh Congress. As a child of five years Miss Robertson went to the old Indian Territory in an ox cart, along with her missionary father. In the Roosevelt Administration she was postmistress of Muskogee. She owns a restaurant, and her advertisements recommending it were cleverly phrased so as to tell voters just how they should cast their ballots for the restaurant owner.

As an addition of strength to the House no man should be more welcome than Theodore E. Burton, ex-Representative and ex-United States Senator from Ohio. The House needs sources of exact information. Mr. Burton will take his place along with Speaker Gillett as supplying such need. In his judgments Mr. Burton is a very independent man.

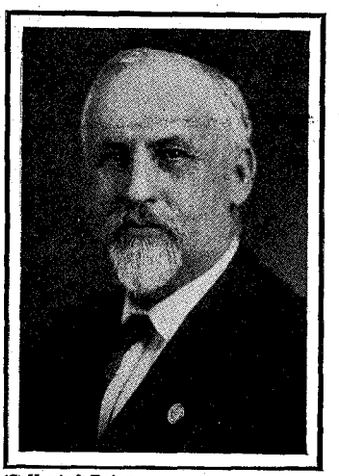
(C) Harris & Ewing

THEO. E. BURTON, REPRESENTATIVE-ELECT FROM OHIO

William Stafford, Republican, of Wisconsin, who defeated Victor Berger, Socialist, is another familiar figure who will return to the House after an absence of some years.

A Republican Representative has actually been elected from Texas. Of the fifteen districts in the South in which Republicans made contests they won seven and made a remarkable showing in the other eight.

The result of all the elections appears to bring up the House Republican majority to the huge total of 179—an unwieldy majority.



(C) Harris & Ewing

E. F. LADD, SENATOR-ELECT FROM NORTH DAKOTA

NEW GOVERNORS

SECOND in interest to the Congressional elections were those of the Governors. Not all States had such elections, but the States which did have them were important.

Among those States was Illinois. The election there was characterized by a fight among Republicans, brought about by William Hale Thompson, the Chicago "boss." Even the Chicago "Tribune" favored the election of James Hamilton Lewis, the Democratic candidate, over that of Small, the Republican candidate, and a Thompson follower. On the basis of pre-election compromise, the Thompson strength was promised to McKinley, a Thompson opponent, for the Senate. Mr. Small was elected by a great plurality.

In Wisconsin a similar split occurred between the La Follette and anti-La Follette followers. Though there was no compromise, a similar result was obtained, Mr. Lenroot, an anti-La Follette Republican, being elected Senator, and John J. Blaine, the pro-La Follette candidate, Governor.

CHANNING COX, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS

In Massachusetts Channing H. Cox, the Republican candidate, won over his Democratic opponent, John J. Walsh, by a huge majority. In Connecticut Everett J. Lake, Republican, had a decisive victory; similar results obtained in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, were foreshadowed by Mr. Parkhurst's triumph in the September Maine election for Governor. The next Governor of Vermont will be James Hartness; of New Hampshire, Albert O. Brown; and of Rhode Island, Emery J. San Souci.

In Ohio ex-Mayor Harry L. Davis, of Cleveland, defeated his opponent, State Auditor A. V. Donahey, Democrat.

In Michigan General A. J. Groesbeck, the Republican candidate against former Governor Ferris, was elected.

THE WEST AND SOUTH

IN Montana Joseph M. Dixon, former chairman of the Progressive National Committee, obtained the Republican

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EVERETT J. LAKE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF CONNECTICUT

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victory over his opponent, and had the advantage of many Democratic votes.

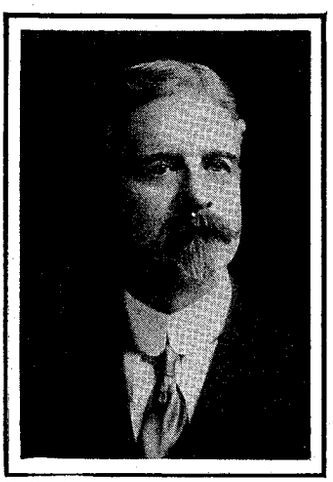
In Idaho David W. Davis, Republican, won handsomely.

The same is true of S. R. McKilvie in Nebraska. Here again the situation was complicated by a three-cornered vote.

In Colorado Governor Oliver H. Shoup defeated James M. Collins, Democrat, who had been indorsed by the Non-Partisan League.

In Kansas Governor Henry J. Allen has been victorious again, and says, as reported:

> This is the greatest blow the Gompers leadership ever received. It turned on this State every gun at its command—money, speakers, organizers—and lost in all except three counties. It particularly attacked the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, and thereby sought to turn the voters against me.



(C) Keystone

E. J. SAN SOUCI, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF R. I.

From the standpoint of the future, the most striking event in the election is the Republican victory in Tennessee. Harding has a lead over Cox, and Taylor, Republican candidate for Governor, over Roberts, Democrat and present Governor of the State. This double result, constituting the first real break in the "Solid South," may be epoch-making in the history of party government in the United States. It will patently help the Republican party. But the addition of Oklahoma—Republican for the first time since its Statehood—and the Republican gains in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida should stir Democrats to something better and more potential than relying on any sectional solidarity.

THE CUBAN ELECTIONS

THE elections in this country were not the only important elections during the first week of November.

H. L. DAVIS, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO

The Cuban elections also took place at that time.

The present President, Señor Menocal, is a Conservative. He has been an admirable President. As he declined to stand for a third term, the Conservatives turned to General Montalvo, a good man but not commanding the following of another General, José Miguel Gomez, the candidate of the Liberals and a popular idol with the Radicals, especially in Havana. Gomez had a fine military record in the Cuban Revolution of 1898; later he led the rebellion against President Palma (which brought about our second intervention), and was elected President (1908). His four-year term was characterized by extravagance. Some years after he led an uprising, with consequent loss of life and damage to property.

As between Montalvo and Gomez, the latter would have won. Hence, as a very large section of Liberals felt that Gomez did not represent them, they joined hands with the Conservatives who disregarded Montalvo. This coalition then nominated Dr. Alfredo Zayas, a man of greater intellectual ability than Gomez and regarded as the real founder of the Liberal party. He took no part in the Gomez revolts. He is a National figure, having been candidate for Vice-President in 1912 and for President in 1916. His nomination was followed by President Menocal's support of the candidate and by an election which shows that most Cubans wish to continue a Presidency of the Menocal, not of the Gomez, type.

JOS. M. DIXON, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MONTANA

This result will be gratifying to Americans as well. But the conduct of the election itself is also peculiarly gratifying. It is the first election to be conducted in a distinctly orderly manner—doubtless due to the fact that it was the first under the law adopted by the Cuban Congress and framed at the Cuban Government's invitation by our General Crowder, a law designed to prevent registration frauds and ballot-box stuffing.

ALFRED TAYLOR, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF TENN.

THE BUILDING TRADE SCANDAL

EXTORTION, "rake-offs," price fixing, and blackmail are the charges intimated in the investigation by a Committee of the Legislature into the practices of the Building Trades Council in New York City. Instituted nominally to protect contractors against labor strikes, on the one hand, and unfair competition, on the other, it is charged with laying tribute on laborers and contractors alike, and so excessively that workmen had to pay from $3 to $10 a week, while some contractors who undertook to fight exactions were driven out of business or into bankruptcy. Others, it is stated, paid large sums for influence in getting contracts. It is said that tens of thousands of workmen paid tribute under penalty of losing jobs, although the American Federation of Labor tried to help them resist. It is alleged that graft affected the letting of city contracts for building schools.

So extraordinary have been the reve-

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lations before the Committee that the United States Government is watching the matter with a view to its bearing on the housing question. Mr. Untermyer, who is bringing out the evidence, says that the levy of tribute has laid a heavy burden on all building costs, and instances one contract where there was an attempt to raise the cost by $125,000, solely for profiteering purposes.

Such a deplorable state of things as this investigation has brought out shows how easy it can be made for unscrupulous go-betweens to take advantage of men who are ready to buy business privileges as against their competitors or to buy off union leaders. Soon the go-between can become an intolerable extortionist and can mulct both sides. In business the only right way is the square way.

THE GREEK SITUATION

THE Greek Government has called upon Prince Paul, younger brother of the deceased King Alexander, to ascend the throne. The Prince is with his parents in Switzerland. When the Greek Minister in Switzerland informed him that the Greek Government considered him called to assume the duties of sovereign, he replied, as reported:

> I do not share the point of view of the Greek Government. . . . The throne does not belong to me but to my august father, King Constantine. My eldest brother Prince George is constitutionally his successor. Neither of them has ever renounced his rights but both were obliged to leave Greece. . . . The King has always declared himself willing to subordinate his will to the free expression of the desires of the Greek people. As for Prince George, he has never made any declaration at all and it is not for me to ask him to renounce his rights. . . . I would, then, consent to ascend the throne only in the event of the Greek people's decision that they did not desire the return of my august father or that they exclude Crown Prince George from his rights of succession.

Meanwhile the Greek Parliament has elected as Regent Admiral Kounduriottis, who became internationally known when in the first Balkan War, as Commander of the Greek fleet, he put the Turkish fleet out of business, thus clearing the way for Greek occupation of Greek islands which had long been under Turkish sovereignty. Later the Admiral became Minister of Marine in the Venizelos Cabinet, a position he still holds. He is a close personal and political friend of the Prime Minister, and in September, 1916, was with him a co-signer of the proclamation establishing the Provisional Government. Through its power Greece was brought into the late war on the side of Serbia and the Entente Allies, and ultimately King Constantine was forced to leave Greece. The Admiral's departure from Greece completely upset the morale of the Greek fleet. In June, 1917, the King was forced to leave the country; he was also informed that he had lost the confidence of the protecting Powers and that these Powers considered themselves as relieved, as far as he was concerned, of the obligations arising from their rights of protection.

At this moment a regency under Premier Venizelos might not please as

PRINCE PAUL, WHO MAY BECOME KING OF GREECE

many parties and political groups in Greece as would a regency under one who enjoys a more general popularity.

THE BOLSHEVIST ADVANCE IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA

THE recent reverses of General Wrangel's army and its withdrawal to a strategic base in the Crimea emphasize the opinion, widely expressed at the time of the agreement of the Reds to peace with Poland, that one prime object of this agreement was to make it possible for Trotsky to send reinforcements against General Wrangel.

It would be like the treachery and lack of all public honesty of the Bolsheviki to break again with Poland should they once succeed in crushing the opposition to their power in southern Russia. Despatches from abroad indicate that the foreign press consider that this is quite likely. If it happens, the Powers will again be confronted with the question they have so often dodged, namely, whether class autocracy and government by murder and devastation are to be ignored or repressed. Already France is showing uneasiness at the situation, and is discussing the best way of supporting General Wrangel to avoid the future menace.

Accounts differ as to the actual extent of General Wrangel's defeat. He was trying to hold a front along the Dnieper River, and it is said that a sudden and unexpected freezing of the Dnieper permitted the forces of the Reds to cross on the ice and initiate a sudden and disastrous attack. General Wrangel is now holding a line of defense at the Isthmus of Perekop, the only entrance to the Crimean Peninsula.

DENOMINATIONALISM ON THE MISSION FIELD

THE Chinese are greatly puzzled over American denominational distinctions. They are unable to understand who the Presbyterians are, for in the Chinese language these are called the "church of old men." The distinctions between northern and southern Baptists are not very exciting in Peking. In all of the mission fields when the native Christians hold meetings they declare that just as soon as their churches become self-supporting they will abolish all American divisions and be one church.

The Rev. Frank Garrett is a Disciple missionary in China who believes that the movement toward a native church should be aided rather than hindered. He wrote home to his Board last spring and suggested that negotiations for church union in China had reached a stage where Disciples of Christ must declare an attitude toward the movement. The impending union would involve two features which have not hitherto characterized Disciple churches—a district association of churches and a free exchange of members without rebaptism.

Mr. Garrett's letter was given to the religious press by a zealous Board member of the conservative order, and for some weeks a theological controversy has raged around his name. The International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, which met in St. Louis October 19–24, found the "hot-spot" in its attention to be the policy of the China mission. For two days the issue was debated on the floor of the Convention and in the large Recommendations Committee which passes upon all the motions made in the mass-meeting which serves as a convention.

Evidence was produced by letters and documents showing that Mr. Garrett and others had employed unimmersed Christians from other provinces in the capacity of native pastors, evangelists, and teachers. Unimmersed people had served as elders at the communion table and had been given

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letters when they moved to other provinces. There is no church roster in the Disciple churches of China, since many of the members cannot read and write, and there is no "right hand of fellowship," the formal practice in American Disciple churches of receiving new members. The phrase "open membership" was the occasion of the *odium theologicum* in the discussion, and the conservatives among the Disciples insisted that only the putting of the names upon a roster and the giving of the right hand of fellowship constituted "open membership." But Mr. Garrett insisted upon a complete and unequivocal recognition of Methodists and Presbyterians in China as Christians and members of the Church.

The issue in the Convention was compromised by commending Mr. Garrett's zeal for Christian union, but at the same time telling him that the Convention was opposed to "open membership," and, if he held to the theory of "open membership," he was invited to resign. There was a harmony love-feast after this resolution was passed.

Thoughtful Disciples, however, do not see that harmony has been achieved. It is unthinkable that Mr. Garrett should renounce his faith in a union church in China. He is too old a missionary for that. If he resigns, the entire mission force in China may resign in sympathy with him. If he does not resign, will the Executive Committee have the courage to remove him and face all of the consequences of that action?

The Disciples are not the only denomination which refuses to bury denominational distinctions on the mission field. They happen to be the first denomination to face the issue in a clear and decisive way. Should they refuse to practice Christian union in China, their insistent plea for Christian union in America will be greatly discounted. They have but postponed to another year a decision which is of the greatest moment in the development of missionary policy throughout the world.

A CONVINCING DEFENSE

THE recent criticism of the Near East Relief organization reminds one of the somewhat similar charge against the Young Men's Christian Association during the war.

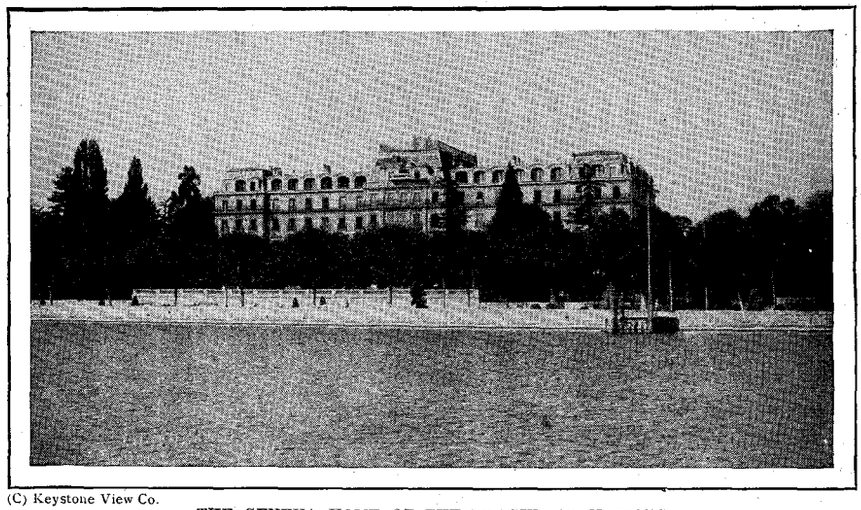
Like that of the Y, so the Near East case has been promptly investigated, with the following findings:

> There were thefts from the Constantinople warehouses, discovered by the bookkeeper as a result of business-like accounting records. . . .
>
> Had the Near East Relief not prosecuted the guilty persons, the newspapers and the general public would never have heard of the thieving.
>
> Not one of the more than five hundred officially accredited representatives, as sent from New York, is in any way involved; the charges are confined exclusively to employees engaged locally for distinctively warehouse and kindred work. Every appointee of Near East Relief sent from New York is obliged to meet rigid requirements as to technical qualifications and moral character. Among the questions is, "Are you a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages and narcotic drugs?" and since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment no candidate has been appointed who has not affirmatively answered this question.
>
> The men now under arrest in Constantinople did use intoxicants; they were ex-army men who went from France to Turkey, and were employed locally in the warehouse without the knowledge of the New York Committee. However, any employee of the Near East Relief who uses intoxicants is subject to immediate dismissal.
>
> The warehouse thieving amounts to less than $20,000, of which more than half has already been recovered, and the remainder probably will be.

In publishing the foregoing frank statement the General Secretary of the Near East Relief adds a convincing "summary," which we condense as follows:

> More than $50,000,000 in cash and supplies have been administered without the loss of a dollar.
>
> More than five hundred American men and women, at great personal sacrifice, have administered this relief. Some of them have died, victims of contagious disease.
>
> There are 229 orphanages; 110,000 children have been cared for.
>
> There are 63 hospitals, with a daily average of some seven thousand patients.
>
> Five hundred thousand Armenians living to-day would have perished but for American relief.

"Why does the Near East Relief get such slathers of money?" a man asked the other day. The above statistics are eloquent in answer.



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THE GENEVA HOME OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

This fine hotel has been purchased for the use of the League of Nations

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

TWO interesting events call attention to the League of Nations. The first is the accession of Rumania as a member. It increases the League's total membership to over forty states, including Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India as voting members. The second is the increasingly picturesque variety of the states requesting admittance—Armenia, Esthonia, Finland, Georgia, Iceland, Latvia, Liechtenstein, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Monaco, the Ukraine.

The League is to be housed in the large and well-known Hotel National, which the Council has bought for the purpose. It stands on the outskirts of that quarter of the city known as Les Paquis. The hotel grounds extend to the Lake of Geneva. Those who have been at this hotel will recall the peculiarly fine view of Mont Blanc as seen from this point. A pleasant walk brings the traveler to Ferney, where Voltaire lived, and another to Coppet, whose château was the home of Necker, Louis XVI's Finance Minister, and of his daughter, the celebrated Madame de Stael.

At the first meeting of the Assembly of the League (beginning November 15, at Geneva) each member state is represented by not more than three delegates, but disposes of only one vote. Among the questions before the conference are:

> Accession of new states to the League.
>
> Confirmation of the present non-

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permanent members (Belgium, Brazil, Greece, Spain) of the Council or the election of substitutes.

Criticism of the work already done by the Council.

Definition of the details of an economic blockade (Article XVI of the League Charter).

Consideration of the draft scheme for the proposed Court of International Justice at The Hague, which was prepared by a distinguished commission of ten jurists, including Elihu Root, submitted to the Council and by it referred to the Assembly.

With regard to this last subject, the so-called permanent Court of Arbitration, erected by the First Hague Conference (1899), provided the foundation, and the instructions of Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, to the American delegates to the Second Hague Conference (1907) contained the original plan for such a court as is now embodied in the draft scheme. While the League now claims it as an integral part of its machinery, it is emphatically the logical and inevitable outgrowth of the Hague Conferences. They did not contemplate, as does the Wilson plan for a League of Nations, a political association. Their ideal was an association of which the chief feature should be a court to secure the recognition of international law, its interpretation and application.

THE FLOOD TIDE OF REPUBLICANISM

ON another page of this issue of The Outlook appear four maps of the United States. In black and white these four maps tell the history of America for the last sixteen years as reflected in the fall and rise of a great political party.

In 1908 the Republican party was at the flood. Four years later, rent asunder by factional disputes, it won the electoral votes of only Utah and Vermont.

Four years more saw the world engaged in the greatest conflict of history. Welded together by one common purpose, the Republican factions were struggling toward unity of action, but this end had not then been attained.

Again four years have passed, and now, with Germany crushed, the nations of the world are endeavoring to reestablish themselves upon a peace basis. What opposition to a common foe had failed to perform in 1916 hostility to the still dominant Democratic party more than achieved in 1920. The Republican party is again at the flood. The cycle of defeat and victory is complete. Captained by a man who admittedly controls no large personal following, whose record of achievement is neither dramatic nor colorful, the Republican party has been swept into power by the greatest popular vote in American history.

It is not our purpose to discuss here the reason for this overwhelming victory. Sufficient it is if, in accordance with American tradition, we turn from a consideration of what is past to search our expectations of what is to come.

Editors of both Republican and Democratic affiliations are united in the obvious opinion that this great victory entails an even greater responsibility. Because the victory is so overwhelming, the personal responsibility for future success or failure is not one which Republican leaders can dodge.

Chapin in the St. Louis Star

RATIFICATION OF PEACE
DOMESTIC PROBLEMS
HIGH LIVING COST
TAXATION QUESTION
THANK HEAVEN, THERE'S SOME SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT ANOTHER ANIMAL WILL NOW BE THE GOAT —
OOF — IT'S A BIGGER LOAD THAN IMAGINED

MERELY A CHANGE IN PACK HORSES

What is the situation which confronts these leaders as they draw up their plans for the future? From what source have they drawn the support which made victory possible and what do they owe to the elements in this support?

America is fundamentally progressive. The voters who stood behind Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 and the liberal element which in large measure has given its support in the past to President Wilson constitute a large majority of the American electorate. The Republican candidate obviously received the bulk of this vote in the late election because of the conviction that progressivism without stability and efficiency was a futile thing. These voters were convinced that only by a return to the fundamentals upon which our Government was founded could the Nation prepare for a new advance. These voters will look first for the restoration of sound government, followed by an intelligent and forward-looking treatment of questions both domestic and foreign. It is indeed a solemn responsibility which awaits the leaders who must meet this test.

The natural division of the problems confronting the country can be made along the cleavage line of domestic and foreign policy. Domestic policy can again be classified under the headings economic and social, a distinction which can be more clearly seen in theory than in practice.

The first and most fundamental problem under the heading of economics is the problem of the restoration of a normal price level without the destruction of the industrial fabric. Deflation of currency must proceed at the same time as the progressive development of the means of production. Deflation cannot exist without the curtailment of credits, and industry cannot advance without the existence of ample credit. It is a problem of directing credit into useful and productive channels while at the same time discouraging its dissipation in non-productive fields. It is a problem easier to define than to accomplish.

The problem of readjustment of taxation is little less important than the problem of credit. And taxation must not only be more equably distributed but it must also be reduced. The reduction of taxation will be largely dependent upon Governmental efficiency, the adoption of a budget system of finance, and the most rigid supervision of expenditures. Democrats and Republicans alike have testified to the great waste of effort in the Governmental bureaus at Washington. It is never politically pleasant to separate men and women from political jobs; yet this task must be undertaken courageously if the Republican party is to justify the faith manifested by the voters at the election. It is no gentle readjustment of places and substitution of one group of place hunters with another which is needed, but a drastic surgical operation.

With the incoming of a Republican Administration doubtless the tariff will again be brought to the fore. Republican Administrations in the past have manifested too great an enthusiasm for the protection of special interests at the expense of the welfare of the country at large. It will be remembered that Senator Harding in his keynote speech before the Republican Convention in 1916 declared that the tariff was the paramount issue before the country. The statement was a throwback to the days of Senator Hanna. We hardly think that Senator Harding

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and the Republican leaders who face the problems of the future need to be told that the country has little interest in tariff bills which are protective of anything but the general welfare.

Turning from problems largely economic, let us look for a moment at problems largely social, remembering that social progress cannot be made if the stomachs of the people are empty. Most of the principles of social progress for which the Progressives fought in 1912 are either on the statute-books or have been accepted by the leaders of political thought in both the Democratic and Republican parties. The principles have been accepted, it is true, but there still remains the large need of translating these principles into practice. Execution, as Governor Coolidge said, must be given time to catch up with legislation, and those who are chosen to execute the laws and to handle the problems dealing with labor and social justice must be forward-looking men with a vision which has been denied to many men who have held places of authority under a "liberal democracy."

There is another fundamental of progressivism which needs renewed emphasis. It is a fundamental in which Senator Harding in the past has manifested little interest. We refer to the conservation and development of our natural resources for the benefit of the Nation at large. The Republican party under President Taft lost much of its understanding of the need for vigilance in this direction. The people will watch Mr. Harding's Administration closely to see whether or not anything of the Roosevelt enthusiasm for conservation has been regained.

On the question of agricultural development Senator Harding in at least one speech has manifested a most hopeful understanding of the problems before the country. He has recognized the fact that movements for rural welfare are useless unless the economic attractiveness of farm life can be restored. The figures of the 1920 Census show how great is the need of placing the American farm upon economic equality with the American factory. We believe that by the development of a proper system of distribution of farm products this economic balance can be restored without the manifestation of special favoritism such as the Wilson Administration showed toward the cotton farmers of the South, or the granting of class favors such as Secretary Meredith recently and properly denied to wheat farmers of the West.

These are some of the domestic problems which will confront the new Republican Administration, but these domestic problems tell only half the story of the burden of responsibility which lies ahead.

During the campaign the interest of the country has been centered upon our foreign entanglements resulting from the World War. In this field the questions to be solved involve large issues of principle as well as fact, and these questions are by no means limited to the adoption or rejection of Article X.

In the last four years we have lost sight of the Philippines. Experiments in the administration of those islands have proceeded apace. Shall we go back to the slow development advocated by Dean Worcester and ex-President Taft, or shall we accept as an accomplished fact the methods and policies of Governor-General Harrison?

Under the Roosevelt Administration the Republican party adopted a constructive and friendly attitude towards the backward nations of the West Indies and Central America. How far has the Democratic Administration misconstrued and misapplied these policies? The question is fraught with danger to our relations with the vast continent to the south.

The Mexican problem is also with us. Some of the so-called liberals bitterly opposed to Senator Harding say that a Republican Administration means immediate war upon Mexico, and that the great financial interest with Mexican investments will selfishly control the policy of our Government towards Mexico. The vacillation of the Wilson Administration in its handling of the Mexican problem must not be repeated, and the charges which we have cited must be proved to be false. The situation requires the highest type of diplomacy, the greatest degree of courage, and the constructive application of applied idealism and good faith.

Last and most important of all, the incoming Administration will be face to face with the adjustment and readjustment of our relations with Europe. Europe is not concerned as we have been with the phraseology of treaties or of theoretical principles of leagues of nations. Out of the blackness of economic ruin it looks toward impregnable America and sees the one nation which looms like a Colossus in a fraternity of shattered peoples. To America Europe turns with mingled envy, fear, and hope. It is for the Republican Administration to justify that hope with assistance based upon an understanding of reality; it is for the Republican party to sweep aside that fear and that envy with justice and good will. Herein lies the measure of the problem confronting the Republican party in its renewed leadership of the American people.

THE SHARERS

"THERE is a beautiful old saying," remarked the Young-Old Philosopher, "that I have always loved. 'When two people share a joy, it is doubled; when they share a sorrow, it is halved.'

"Could any argument against human selfishness, or for the wisdom of human co-operation, be stronger?

"When an artist produces a beautiful picture, or a poem, or a statue, his first thought is to share the ecstasy he feels with another. He must *show* what he has done—not through any sense of vainglory, but through that innate something in us all, whether we are artists or artisans, which makes it necessary to give as well as to receive.

"I see a wonderful sunset, and my first desire is to have some one at my side to behold it with me. To try to tell of it afterward is not sufficient. That bromidic remark so often written upon picture post-cards, 'Wish you were here,' gushes out of the heart of all of us. I read a book by a great writer. My first impulse is to spread the news of the mine of beauty I have found. I see a great play, or hear a great opera, and I wish passionately that my best beloved, or my best friend, should see and hear it too. For life is not a seeking for beauty by ourselves. We may accidentally stumble upon some loveliness—find a garden-scape and go into raptures over it, for instance; but we immediately want the entire village to know of it and view it with their own eyes.

"Think of spending Christmas alone! Think of any anniversary passed in solitude! The saddest people in the world are lonely people. If I had a fortune, I would spend it in trying to bring human beings closer together. The community spirit is not an idle dream. From the time of the Garden of Eden solitude that is forced upon one is something that the wise have shunned. Solitary confinement is considered the cruelest of all forms of punishment, as indeed it is, and 'this way madness lies.' Show me a man who does not abominate a hermit-like withdrawal from life and I will show you an eccentric and abnormal type. The natural process is to share everything, especially everything good. Mar-

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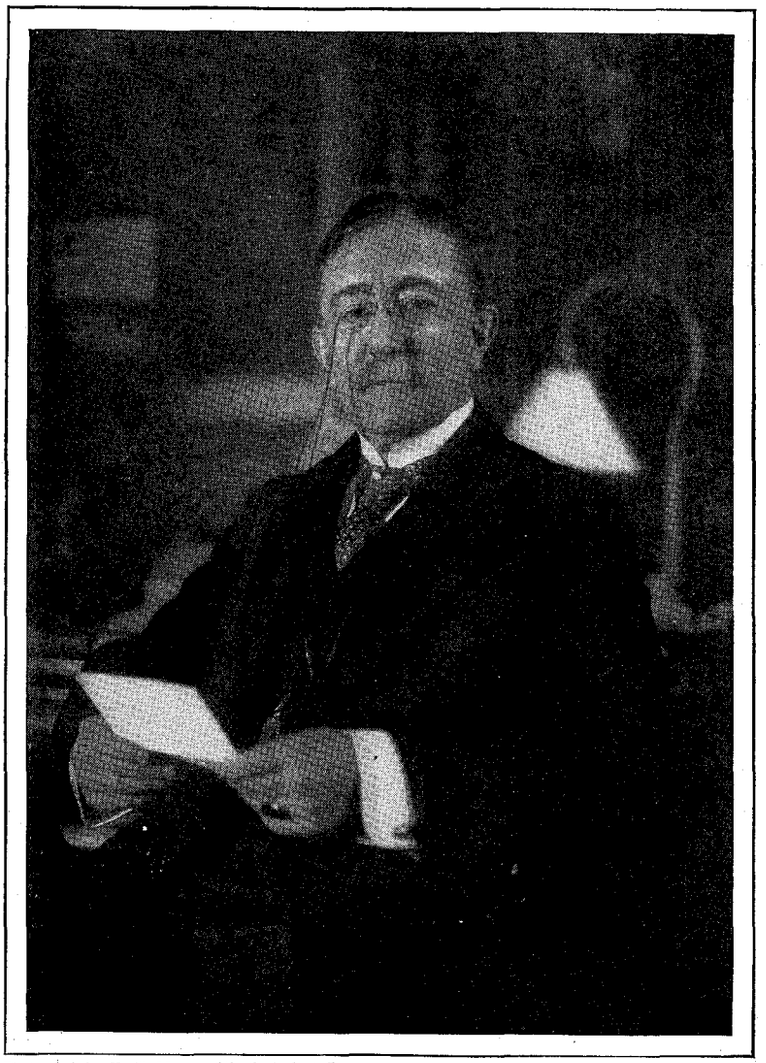

Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff
HAMILTON W. MABIE IN HIS OFFICE AT THE OUTLOOK

riage, love, friendship, are founded on that theory.

"I knew a young man once who lost his position, and for days thereafter he left his house in the morning as though he were going to his old office at the regular time. He feared to tell his wife of his trouble. Yet she would have been the first to understand. If marriage meant to him, in a crisis, that he could not open his heart to his helpmeet, then he failed to realize the sacred meaning of the sacrament. His tortured mind was unrelieved by an outpouring of his ill luck; and—if he had but known it—he was being unfair to his wife. For it was her privilege, her right, to share his burdens as well as his joys. To lock her from that room of his mind was senseless, and, in a measure, selfish. She would have been proud to shoulder part of the heavy load. She had to know, ultimately, and she was consumed with grief that she had for so long a time been a useless figure in their menage.

"The understanding heart is what we all crave. The world knows the laughter of Harlequin; but only one may know his tears. Everything must be shared, whether it be joy or suffering. Both joy and suffering are sacred. How fortunate are they who share the latter, no less than the former, with some comrade!"

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

"ONE of the friendliest of men, one of the best of companions," says Dr. George A. Gordon in a discriminating pen portrait of Hamilton W. Mabie in the "Life and Letters"[1] of Mr. Mabie which has just appeared. It is just this side of Mr. Mabie's personality that comes first to mind with those of us who met him closely and constantly in editorial association. For thirty-seven years Mr. Mabie was Associate Editor of The Outlook, and he was an active member of its staff at the time of his death, in December, 1916.

His personality was serene and genial. He was never impatient, he was always alive to the humorous side of life, he was a tireless worker, yet one who carried out his really extensive accomplishment as journalist, author, critic, and lecturer with ease and calmness. As we knew him in the Outlook office he was never worried, never nervous, never excitable; he always had time to help others, apparently always time to talk with visitors. Yet, as Mr. Morse's account shows, his life was one of constant activity in many matters of public interest, as in educational, religious, and other community service outside his distinctively professional work. He was interested quite as much in human problems as he was in literary criticism. To everything he brought, in Mr. Howells's words, a nature of simplicity, frankness, charm, and cheerfulness, and a spirit of buoyant helpfulness and hopefulness.

A true picture of Mr. Mabie as he appeared to his associates is given in this Life in a little pen portrait by his office secretary, Mrs. Anna Knight:

> I never knew him to be impatient, irritable, peevish, sarcastic, exacting, or even unreasonable, all of which traits most people manifest at one time or another, and a large number much of the time. But with all his gentleness he worked in a positive rather than a negative spirit—the "Thou shalt" spirit of the New Testament rather than the "Thou shalt not" of the Old. He diffused in a remarkable degree an atmosphere of anti-antagonism. . . . I recall a number of men now holding influential positions in literary and publishing work who owe their start entirely to the right word—written, spoken, or telephoned by Mr. Mabie at just the right time; he was never too busy to Stop, Listen, and Help.

As a talker and teller of apt stories and anecdotes—not dragged in, but directly to the point—one doubts whether Mr. Mabie had many equals. He knew most of the great literary lights of his day and many famous public men; and he had abundant recollections of their talk—enough to make a delightful book of reminiscences. Such a book his colleagues often urged him to write, but he was extremely averse to making literary use of private conversations, and the book was never written. Nor was his literary purpose and manner especially favorable for bringing out his sense of humor. His old friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, expressed this well in saying: "There is a rich fund of humor in him which does not often come to the surface in the printed page. His speaking style is livelier and more varied than his written style. On

[1] The Life and Letters of Hamilton W. Mabie. By Edwin W. Morse. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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the platform and at the dinner-table when the coffee cups have come in he is full of amiable discourse, brilliant anecdote, and genial eloquence. No man presides at a banquet or a board meeting with a readier wit or with finer tact."

We have dwelt on this joyous, genial, yet always strong and sincere, side of Mr. Mabie's personality because it was necessarily less known to the general public than were his writings, and because it is so well brought out in this Life. In his critical capacity he was always more anxious to be just than to be clever. We remember that the "Atlantic Monthly" once said something to the effect that the only trouble with Mr. Mabie as a critic was that he didn't say "Damn" often enough. The reason was simple; he believed in ignoring the weak and foolish in literature and held to Goethe's dictum that the best critical quality is "the ability to admire greatly." The charm and atmosphere of such books as Mr. Mabie's "My Study Fire," "Backgrounds of Literature," and "American Ideals" and many others of the score of volumes he published, lay not in epigram or smart writing, but in sanity, human sympathy, and love of that which is best in art and life. He was, to quote Dr. van Dyke once more, "an author without a grudge, a teacher without a rod, and an idealist without a fad."

Running through and beyond what Mr. Mabie wrote and did there stands what he was, which may be summed up in Theodore Roosevelt's declaration: "He was one of the sweetest-tempered and highest-minded men I ever met."

WHAT STARTED THE REPUBLICAN AVALANCHE?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH TO THE OUTLOOK FROM POLITICAL EXPERTS IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY

AN EMOTIONAL ELECTORATE

CALIFORNIA

TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE FROM CHESTER H. ROWELL, OF THE FRESNO "REPUBLICAN," TO THE OUTLOOK

CHESTER H. ROWELL

The principal cause affecting the election result in California and neighboring States is doubtless the general reaction which produced the same result elsewhere. This reaction was based partly on facts and issues, but was mostly psychological. To illustrate: On an apparently unrelated matter California two years ago defeated bone-dry State prohibition by only a narrow majority, all cast in San Francisco, and elected a Legislature pledged to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment. This year, with prohibition in the Constitution, the people, on referendum, defeated by a huge majority a law already passed by the Legislature for the enforcement of the Constitution. The same emotional transformation which made these two results possible in two successive elections also accounts in large part for the reaction towards President Wilson's idealism and the issues in which it was embodied.

The people have voted for "business as usual," and entertain the delusion that they can get it by voting for it. There was also, of course, the reaction against President Wilson personally, due to his obstinate tactlessness in the last Congress and to the bugaboo of autocracy. In general, California likes autocracy. It supported Johnson and Roosevelt enthusiastically. But it wants that autocracy emotional and crusading on the side of the people, not coldly intellectual on behalf of mere abstract right.

California, however, showed its usual independence of voting, as between President and Senator. Four years ago Hiram Johnson for Senator (on the Republican ticket) ran three hundred thousand ahead of Hughes for President. This year Shortridge (also Republican) for Senator ran three hundred thousand behind Harding for President. In any normal year Phelan, Democrat, would have been elected Senator.

Except among the narrow class of "highbrow" intellectuals, the election was not a solemn referendum on the League of Nations. The people in general were bored with the issue. What they wanted was a change of Administration and lower taxes. Senator Johnson, the chief opponent of the League of Nations, is still the strongest political figure in California, but a large part of his choicest supporters have never agreed with him on this issue, and his candidate for the Senate, running on this issue, fell hundreds of thousands of votes behind his ticket, and behind the vote which Johnson himself would have got running on the same issue.

Various local causes also contribute to the result. Attorney-General Palmer had brought, just before election, a suit to dissolve the popular Raisin Growers' Association. This confirmed central California and the fruit-growers generally in opposition to the Administration. Owing to the low Italian exchange, Sicilian lemons are displacing California lemons in the New York market. This gave renewed importance to the tariff question in southern California. A slump in rice had a similar effect in northern California and a slump in beans in the coast regions. Barley and figs produced a like effect in the districts growing them. Four years ago progressivism defeated Hughes in the West. This year Progressive leaders were included in the most partisan advocates of regular Republicanism. Whatever may be the case in the future, progressivism as an organized movement has ceased to exist in the State of its origin and principal triumphs.

Of alien groups, the Armenians were for Wilson on the mandate question, the Italians against him on Fiume, the Irish against the League of Nations for not freeing Ireland, and the Germans quiet but doubtless generally for Harding. The principal foreign question in California is naturally the Japanese one. Both candidates for Senator were radically anti-Japanese, and the anti-Japanese alien land law passed by an overwhelming majority, as did a

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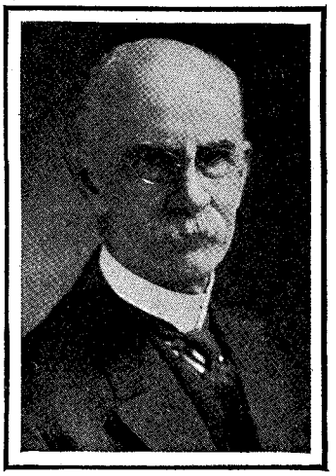
(C) Harris & Ewing

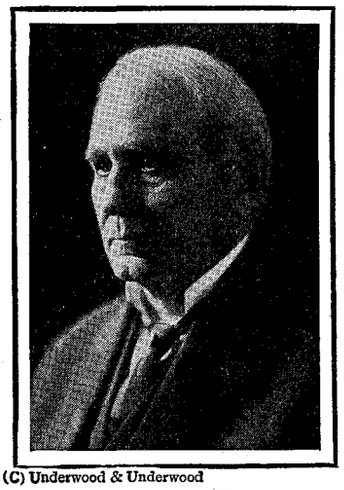
GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
OF OREGON
SENATOR

(C) Harris & Ewing

SCOTT FERRIS
OF OKLAHOMA
REPRESENTATIVE



CHARLES S. THOMAS
OF COLORADO
SENATOR



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CHAMP CLARK
OF MISSOURI
REPRESENTATIVE

CALL IT AVALANCHE OR FLOOD, WHAT HAPPENED ON ELECTION DAY SWEPT FROM OFFICE THESE EMI-
EXTINCTION, IN THE JUDGMENT OF THE

minor amendment imposing a United States poll tax on aliens and not on citizens, directed openly against the Japanese.

A VOTE OF NO CONFIDENCE

THE SOUTHWEST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM H. J. HASKELL, OF THE KANSAS CITY "STAR," TO THE OUTLOOK

H. J. HASKELL

THE Southwest, in the election, responded to the same influences that swept the rest of the country. Local issues created little eddies here and there. They did not materially affect the result. As Roosevelt put it in the first Taft campaign, the Nation was dealing with poster effects, not with zinc etchings.

Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado are accustomed to do independent voting. Democrats of Missouri and Oklahoma have inherited their party tradition from the South. With them it is almost a religion. A sweep that tears Oklahoma from the Solid South and makes Missouri Republican by more than one hundred thousand is due to fundamental, Nation-wide forces.

Briefly, the Southwest was profoundly dissatisfied with the Wilson Administration and the Wilson League of Nations. It did not like Governor Cox as revealed in the campaign, while Senator Harding grew in its estimation. Finally, it had confidence in the administrative capacity of the Republican party.

In the phrase of current politics, the situation began to "freeze" more than two years ago. The Congressional elections of 1918 forecast the outcome of 1920. It is difficult to sort out of the complex known as public opinion the great causes that move it, aside from the obvious appeals to group feelings. In 1916 the kept-us-out-of-war appeal dominated the prairie States. When the war came, many persons felt, rightly or wrongly, that the President must have known it was inevitable and that their votes had been obtained under false pretenses. The revulsion that then set in against Mr. Wilson was augmented after the war by members of the Expeditionary Force and their relatives who held the Administration responsible for lack of equipment growing out of failure to prepare. The impression spread that the President was impractical, autocratic, unwilling to take counsel.

The discussion of the League Covenant confirmed this belief. The West had lost confidence in his leadership. It became suspicious of the Covenant, and finally turned strongly against it.

These impressions are the outcome of conversations with politicians and speakers who made it their business to know what people were thinking about. A characteristic instance was the Chautauqua at the little town of Beloit, in western Kansas. Four years ago, on "political day" the Republican politicians first learned that their National ticket was in danger. People flock to the Chautauqua from all the country round about. At every mention of President Wilson the cheers shattered the roof of the tent. Last summer an eloquent Democratic speaker got absolutely no response to his picture of the President broken on the wheel of public service.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this, that Americans will not cheer their President?" And still the audience sat silent. Governor Allen, following him, referred to his defense of the League as able, and added: "But it left me unconvinced, as I see it has left you." Whereat there was tumultuous applause.

It was the universal testimony of speakers in the Southwest that audiences were apathetic until the League of Nations was reached. Then people gave attention. In Missouri the Republican candidate for Governor, Arthur M. Hyde, undoubtedly was helped by the State-wide feeling that it was necessary to elect him to clean up a bad police and election situation in Kansas City. Yet his audiences responded chiefly to his discussion of the League. In Kansas organized labor centered an attack on Governor Allen for his industrial court. But his audiences were much more interested in the League than in the court. The hostility to the League was evident, but observers felt that the League was the vent for hostility to the Administration.

The personality of the Presidential candidates was absolutely subordinate. Governor Cox, however, was at the high point of public esteem in the West when he was nominated, Senator Harding at the low point. Cox steadily declined, while Harding mounted in public estimation. It was common to hear Cox referred to as a ward politician. Harding's dignity, moderation, modesty, and readiness to accept advice made an increasingly favorable impression.

Other factors had even less influence. Numerous Western States, including Kansas, Colorado, and Oklahoma, already had woman suffrage. There was no indication that in other States the vote of the women affected the result, except to make it more emphatic. At the outset prohibition promised a possible issue. But the refusal of Governor Cox to champion the wet side made the wet issue fade. Racial appeals had no particular effect in the Southwest, where the German vote has been identified with the Republican party since the Civil War, and where the Irish are not a dominant force. The

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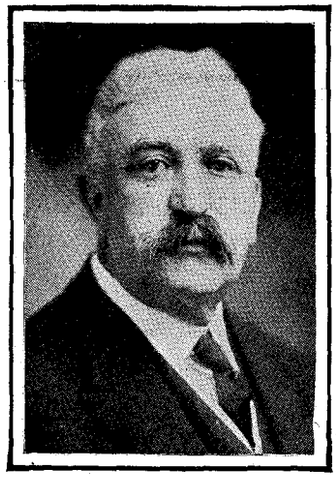
JAMES D. PHELAN
OF CALIFORNIA
SENATOR



MARCUS A. SMITH
OF ARIZONA
SENATOR

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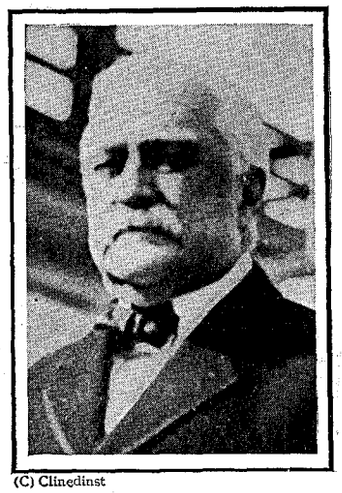
ALFRED E. SMITH
OF NEW YORK
GOVERNOR



(C) Clinedinst

JOHN WALTER SMITH
OF MARYLAND
SENATOR

NENT PUBLIC SERVANTS (INCLUDING THREE MEMBERS OF THE SMITH FAMILY) WHOSE CHIEF TITLE TO VOTERS, WAS THAT THEY WERE DEMOCRATS

slump in wheat and live stock was lost sight of in the cataclysm. The situation was frozen long before the slump set in.

The attempt to revive the progressive-reactionary division of 1912 failed because the people showed no interest. A good share of the progressive programme had been enacted into law by the various State Legislatures. No great progressive issue was in sight and people were concerned with other things. The cleavage still existed, but for the present was in abeyance.

So far as the Southwest was concerned, outside the Solid South, the stage was set for a vote of no confidence in the Democratic party, the Wilson Administration, and its chief policy, the League of Nations. People turned to what they seemed to feel was the superior practical sense and administrative talent of the Republican party under a leader whose determination to seek counsel and move cautiously approved itself to the popular mood.

AN AGGRIEVED ELECTORATE BENT ON PUNISHMENT

THE NORTH CENTRAL WEST

TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE FROM F. PERRY OLDS OF THE MILWAUKEE "JOURNAL" TO THE OUTLOOK

F. PERRY OLDS

IT was no personal merit of Warren G. Harding that gave him the five States of the North Central West; Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin have been Republican States since the beginning. Unless the party undergoes sweeping changes they will be Republican until the end. Even the astounding thoroughness of the Republican victory cannot be ascribed to any positive virtue in the Republican candidate. Mr. Harding's majority was due solely to an aggrieved electorate bent on punishment.

Even in 1912, with the normal Republican vote split between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, only three of the States of the Northwest went to Mr. Wilson. Minnesota and South Dakota were even then able to swing their vote to a Republican candidate—in both cases Mr. Roosevelt. And in 1916, with enthusiasm for an unbroken foreign policy rampant, only one State went over into the Democratic camp—North Dakota. That a district so thoroughly Republican should switch to a broken Democracy at this time was inconceivable. But political wiseacres were not prepared for the terribly earnest drubbing that came.

Everybody knew that Republicans, as a whole, would stick to the Grand Old Party. Few realized how unanimously the independent vote would join them.

And yet, considering the nature of the Democratic Administration, together with the fact that our population is largely agricultural and almost twenty-five per cent foreign-born, nothing should have been more clear.

The independent vote of all five States went almost in a body to the Harding camp. Some went as a protest against what they chose to call the "Wilson dynasty." Some went because of supposed discrimination against the farmers of the North. Some went as a protest against Democratic failure to remove restrictive war legislation. Some went because they were a part of the general progressive movement in the Northwest, which threw its influence into the Republican side of the scales in the National election.

On the other hand, the Democratic party, having lost most of its less sincere adherents, gained very few votes on the one outstanding issue of its campaign. The voters either cared nothing about the League or they were satisfied with the possibility that moderate Republican opinion would force the new Administration to enter.

The alien vote went almost solidly to Harding. Citizens of German descent professed themselves disgusted with the "Wilson dynasty." The German press declared that no German-American who respected himself could vote for Mr. Cox, "the tool of Wilson." German papers pointed to the fact that Mr. Cox had helped eliminate German instruction from the schools of Ohio. They pointed to the fact that he favored the present Peace Treaty with Germany, which they termed "the crime of Versailles." To-day they are confident that no little share in the credit for Mr. Harding's election is due them. The Scandinavians likewise voted to punish Mr. Wilson. Minor alien groups were similarly actuated. Italians voted as a protest against Mr. Wilson's Adriatic stand. Poles voted against his Russo-Polish policy.

The agricultural interests of the Northwest have long felt a discrimination at the hands of the Democratic party. They point to Democratic paternalism in the South, where the cotton interests were pampered. And then they figure up their grain receipts, which have shown a steady decline. They were willing, even eager, to trust their fate to a Republican régime. They were determined to put an end to a régime which could ignore their claims.

Thus business men, farmers, and workers—the latter haunted by the specter of workless days—joined to pile up an unprecedented majority for the Republican candidate. Only a few traditional Democrats, a few proponents of the League of Nations, a very few ultra-wets, and a sprinkling of those who felt that Mr. Cox was a more progressive man than Mr. Harding cast their votes for a continuation of the

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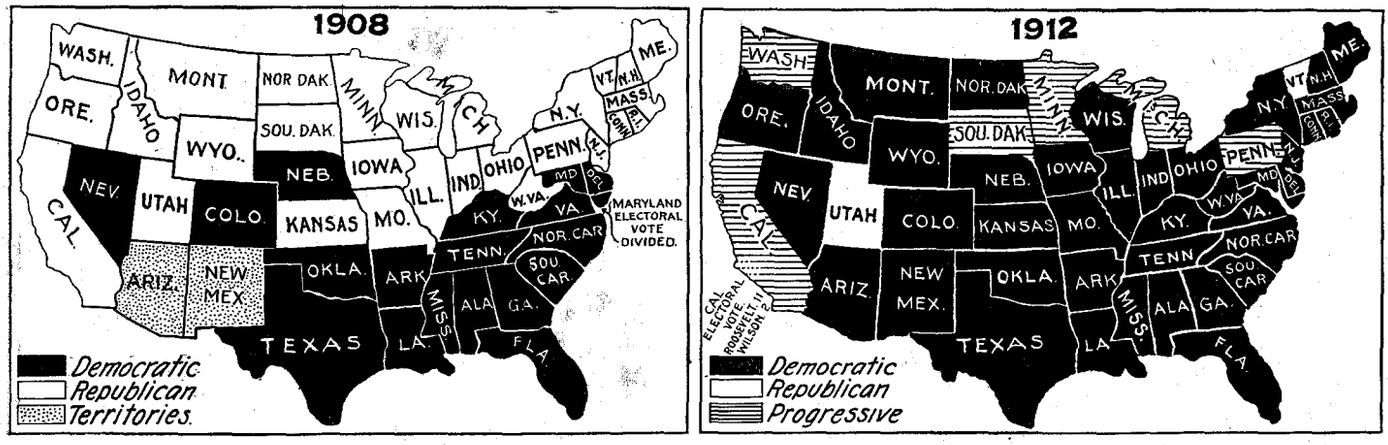


THE EBB AND FLOOD OF

Democratic menage The League of Nations issue had little effect. The newly achieved right of the women to vote did little to change the balance. Prohibition was no issue. Punishment of Wilson was the keynote. Union on Republican candidates was the slogan.

In the Senatorial contests the results were the same. In every case Republicans were elected. Where the radical forces had a separate candidate in the field, defeat was his portion. Where Non-Partisan League support went to Republicans, victory came as a matter of course.

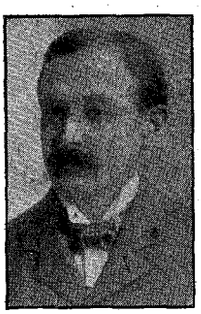
Radicalism, whether avowedly Socialist or camouflaged as Townley Non-Partisanism, was roundly defeated. The Northwest is moving away from its radical leaders. Townley was everywhere defeated. La Follette has lost his power in Wisconsin. Even Victor L. Berger, twice elected to Congress and twice denied a seat in that body, was this time snowed under by the Republican avalanche.

The Northwest has tasted Democracy and dislikes the taste. It has flirted with radicalism and recognizes its danger. It has gone back to the old fold, more unifiedly Republican than ever.

A VOTE OF MISTRUST

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE FROM W. H. COWLES, OF THE SPOKANE "SPOKESMAN-REVIEW," TO THE OUTLOOK



W. H. COWLES

SENATOR HARDING has carried the State of Washington by about 160,000 plurality over Cox, an estimate of the final vote based on the unofficial returns being 260,000 to 100,000.

Christensen and Farmer-Labor candidates for State offices received a vote ranging from 80,000 to 115,000, about four-fifths of which was cast from the counties making up the western half of the State, on the other side of the Cascade Mountains. Debs's vote was negligible.

This is the largest plurality ever given any candidate for any office in the State of Washington, exceeding Roosevelt's 70,000 in 1904, although Roosevelt received a larger percentage of the vote. Four years ago Wilson carried Washington over Hughes by 16,180.

Roosevelt carried it in 1912 with 113,698, as against 86,840 for Wilson and 70,445 for Taft.

Washington State's remarkable "turnover" from a 16,000 Wilson plurality in 1916 to a 160,000 Harding plurality in 1920 is due most largely to profound discontent with the Wilson Administration.

The farmers were against him because he did not show as much concern in keeping the price of wheat where they could make a fair profit as he did in keeping the price of cotton where Southern planters could reap a huge profit; labor manifestly did not follow Gompers's indorsement of the Wilson Administration, as the big vote given Christensen proves; the merchant did not like Federal interference with business; the ordinary citizen did not like the high cost of living; and altogether mistrust of the Wilsonian economic principles is believed to have caused Washington's reaction against continuing Democracy in power.

Voters of this State would cheerfully have accepted a League of Nations with proper reservations, but the League of Nations may not fairly be considered as having been an issue with voters here. Senator Harding's position was plainly understood as being not hostile to a friendly association of nations to prevent future wars. It was understood that he was against the Wilson League, but not against a League for world peace that will permit "America to go in under American ideals."

Prohibition had much influence, without doubt, for the voters here in great preponderance are entirely satisfied with the dry régime which was voted in 1914. Washington was one of the pioneer States in banishing alcohol. However, the closeness of the Canadian border to the great cities of the State has complicated enforcement of its dry laws. A President who might not hold up the strict provisions of the Volstead Act is not wanted at the White House, as far as Washington's voters are concerned. The impression has been widespread that Cox would possibly be inclined to leniency; his Ohio record was well circularized over the State by Anti-Saloon League advocates, and the voters also had not forgotten Bryan's epitaph: "The smell of the beer vats on his garments." The whisky ring of the State showed much concern for Cox. The largest single contributor to the National campaign of either party by any individual within this State was sent to Cox's New York headquarters by a former Spokane liquor dealer.

Women's suffrage did not enter into the contest in this State at all. Washington also ranks as one of the pioneer women's suffrage States, voting equal suffrage to women in 1910.

In 1916 the Progressive voters showed a marked defection to Wilson, but the last four years have taught them the fallacy of expecting any progressivism from Wilson, Burleson, Palmer, *et al.* The Progressives were all back with Harding, with isolated exceptions.

The interest of racial and alien groups was an inconsiderable factor. The alien population of this State is comparatively small.

Traditional party differences may be ignored in calculating the causes for Washington's landslide. The State has proved in the past that it is independent-thinking, politically. It turned to Harding because it believes he, a well-chosen Cabinet, and a Republican Congress can properly and honorably solve international problems and produce an Administration that will greatly ameliorate domestic conditions.

Senator Jones appears to have run fully up to Senator Harding, if he did not, in fact, exceed the Harding plurality over his Democratic rival. Senator

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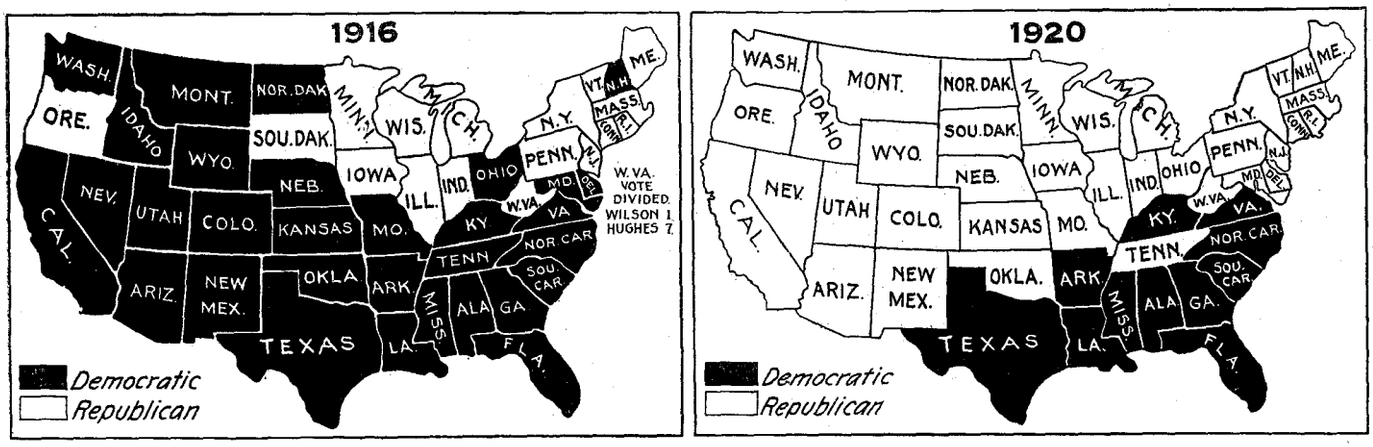


THE REPUBLICAN TIDE

Jones has represented Washington at the National capital twenty-two years, and would probably have been re-elected without the Republican landslide. It may be questioned if any of the issues affecting the Presidential contest added to or subtracted from Jones's vote.

VOTE-IT-STRAIGHT INDEPENDENTS

MICHIGAN AND THE MIDDLE WEST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ARTHUR W. STACE, OF THE GRAND RAPIDS "PRESS," TO THE OUTLOOK

MICHIGAN gave Harding a plurality of nearly half a million votes because of general dissatisfaction over existing governmental and economic conditions. Platform issues had very little to do with it. Michigan undoubtedly would have gone strongly Republican had it voted early in June before either major party convention was held.

Indeed, Michigan may be said to have gone overwhelmingly Republican in spite of the party platform and in spite of the choice of Harding as nominee, for there was no real enthusiasm over the Chicago declaration of principles, while the selection of Harding as standard-bearer was a distinct disappointment. There was no manifest Harding sentiment in the State before the Convention, and scarcely any more during the campaign. Harding pictures in windows were so rare as to be novelties.

A year ago Michigan as a whole was strong for the League of Nations. Later interest waned and as a political issue it caused scarcely a ripple among the voters of the State. There is no doubt, however, that Republican explanations of the reservations made it easier for the many friends of the League to vote against it in President Wilson's referendum. They probably would have voted against it, anyway, for the League of Nations issue appeared to be a minor consideration with the mass of voters. They were ready to overlook the pleas in its behalf in order to get the domestic governmental change, with its hoped-for betterment of general conditions affecting them more directly.

The record of the Wilson Administration was so interwoven in this that it was an outstanding cause for the Republican landslide. Party preference was responsible for its usual share of votes, but Michigan voters are yearly becoming more and more independent in their political thinking, and party preference was not a controlling factor at the polls.

The vote-it-straight sentiment was notably strong throughout the State, but it would be a mistake to say that this was due to deep-seated party preference of the old dyed-in-the-wool type.

Nor did progressivism have much to do with the result. The progressive spirit is strong in Michigan, as was evinced in the memorable three-cornered election of eight years ago, when it gave Roosevelt a plurality over Taft. Michigan didn't regard Harding as progressive in thought or tendencies. That is why it was lukewarm toward his candidacy. It gave a Republican plurality of nearly half a million in spite of its knowledge of Harding's reactionary affiliations.

Racial and alien groups were scarcely in evidence in the campaign in Michigan. The tariff and other stock party issues aroused practically no discussion among the voters themselves.

The women in casting their ballots apparently were moved by the same general reasons that caused the mass of the men to go Republican. There was no one issue that made them supporters of Harding. There was the broad and compelling desire for a change in the hope that the change would check Governmental waste and make for tax reductions.

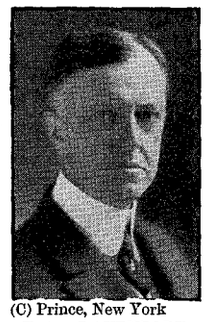
This desire brought out a Republican flood in Michigan that not only gave Harding a big plurality but also swept into Congress a solid Republican delegation and into the State Legislature a solid Republican House and Senate.

One factor that contributed impressively to bringing out a big vote in Michigan was the proposed anti-parochial school amendment to the State Constitution, which was defeated by a majority of more than 200,000. Interest in this issue was fully as keen as interest in the National election.

THE NATIONAL SWEEP AGAINST WILSONISM

THE EAST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STATE SENATOR FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT, OF THE CHAIR OF CIVIL POLITY, HAMILTON COLLEGE, NEW YORK, TO THE OUTLOOK



(C) Prince, New York
F. M. DAVENPORT

NOW that it is all over, I am not able to see how essentially the East differs from the West, or, indeed, from a part of the South. It is all of a piece. Leaving out of account certain belated and backward parts of the South, politically and progressively speaking, the people of the country have rendered an overwhelming verdict against the Wilson Administration. The early years of President Wilson's first term were marked by the enactment of certain great and beneficial measures of advance which had already ripened in public opinion, and the country gratefully acknowledged the part which the President played in their passage. When gigantic new problems arose with the war, the Administration at Washington faltered and bungled. The President's mind, in grappling with the issues of the Great War, has seemed to the American people to reveal itself in the phase of the emotional idealist, without practical vision and without capacity for practical leadership into the difficult and the unknown. This the country felt at the same time that it gave the President credit for integrity of purpose and for deep desire to perform his duty as he saw it, even to

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the tragic precipice of suffering and disillusionment.

But the record was so against the Administration that the wayfaring man had no need to err therein. At first the President held America back from her plain path at a time when every day of delay meant the needless sacrifice of American lives, through haste and waste in the final inadequate preparation. When the President had at last decided that the war did concern us, he urged upon our allies the impractical conclusion of a peace without victory. When the triumph came, again the President failed in leadership for America. When the veil of secret diplomacy was lifted, there was disclosed to the American people a league of political alliance which might keep the United States perpetually embroiled in South America, in Europe, throughout the world.

The American people compared all this with the common-sense leadership of John Hay and Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt, at a time when the modern foreign policy of America touched high-water mark in effectiveness and wisdom. By comparison the Wilson leadership seemed doctrinaire and visionary and theoretical and contrary to the National policies and ideals of America.

To be sure, the economic burdens growing out of the war figured powerfully and resentfully in their conclusion. They expected some waste through our tardy entrance into the war, but not such a stupid orgy of waste as appeared in great ineffective areas of effort. And since the conflict ended the American people have not been impressed at all with the quality of brain stuff that has been at work in Washington upon the problems of economic stabilization and reconstruction. Their hopes of a better order under a new Administration may not have been high, but they at least felt like the Kentucky mountaineer about whom young Teddy Roosevelt has been telling in his speeches, who went into a railway restaurant in the Kentucky mountains to get something to eat. And the waitress brought him the food and swished away again; and in the course of a quarter of an hour she swished back and said, "Will you have more tea or coffee?" And the mountaineer said: "Gal, if this yar stuff in this yar cup is tea, gimme coffee; but if it's coffee, gimme tea. I'm bound to have a change."

And that is about what there is to it—North, South, East, or West.

There are a few incidents in the eastern part of the country which are worthy of particular mention. The enormous majority for Harding in the State of New York of course had little to do with the personality of Presidential candidates. The separate National ballot gave this great State, and especially the great city of New York, the chance it was looking for to vent its vast resentment upon what it conceived as Wilsonism. And then, taking up a fresh ballot for State purposes, it almost cooled off enough to put the very magnetic and democratic and widely trusted Al Smith across for Governor again.

My judgment is that it would have been a mistake to do it, and that the electorate halted just in time, if for no other reason than that the experience of the last two years at Albany has shown the futility of having a Legislature of one party and an executive of another. Even with the best of intentions, the results for practical progress are very poor. Throughout the State of New York there are greatly increased taxes and expenditures and also widespread demand for measures of advance for the farmers and industrial workers. The measures of advance can come only as fast as the State can properly administer them and pay for them. The new Governor-elect, Nathan L. Miller, is, to my mind, almost ideally fitted by his demonstrated ability and wide experience in practical affairs for the leadership of the commonwealth in the present juncture.

The farmers saved Miller in New York. The industrial workers in the cities pretty generally supported Smith. And hereby hangs a tale. The Farmer-Labor party did not poll a large vote, but it is the most significant group in the electorate. In the great Eastern States, where farming is on the decline and the factory workers are arousing to better industrial relations, it behooves the Republican party, now so widely in power, to study both the farm and the factory and provide relief in time; the farm out of gratitude for what the countryside has contributed to Republican success, the factory out of regard for the safety of the party in a day when the electorate may be in a far less exuberant mood of decision; and both for the sake of the democratic unity and economic welfare of the Republic. Governor Smith's chief error in New York has been his failure to understand the psychology and the environment of the up-State farmer. This was shown in his attempt to force through a milk commission bill to fix the price of milk at the cow, and also in his veto of the Daylight Saving Repeal Bill, which ran counter to the habit and comfort and convenience of practically every farmer in the State.

The contests for the United States Senate are especially illuminating. Wadsworth in New York, Brandegee in Connecticut, Moses in New Hampshire, are returned with firmness against a strong minority opposition. Traditional progressivism did not avail, opposition to woman suffrage did not avail, the cry of Cox against the "Senatorial oligarchy" did not avail; the people were for these Senators because upon the matter which the electorate regarded as fundamental these men were for America.

The racial prejudice—Irish and German and Italian—helps to account for the great Harding vote in New York City and in Boston. Prohibition was quite generally lost sight of, like woman suffrage, in the main decisions, although it was not simply the countryside but the dry countryside that pulled Miller through into the Governorship of New York.

The Socialists seem to have gained, but not so materially. Here again, in spite of the impulse given to Socialism by the futile and ineffective leadership against it at Albany last year during the regular and extraordinary sessions of the Legislature, the tidal drift towards Republicanism and traditional Americanism held everything else in check—Socialism, prohibition, suffrage resentment, the tariff, all the rest.

Just to show, however, that independence is not a lost art, the electorate in New York insurged valiantly against the tidal drift in the case of Governor Smith, and the city of Ogdensburg turned somersaults of decision. In that community the electors, according to the most recent returns, chose Harding the Republican for President, picked Smith the Democrat for Governor, turned to Wood the Republican for Lieutenant-Governor, then back to Harriet May Mills the Democrat for Secretary of State, although here the contest was close and the figures may be reversed; then they chose the rest of the Republican State ticket, next a Democratic Mayor and a Republican Common Council, next a Democratic Recorder, and then a Republican District Attorney and a Republican Assemblyman, and finally picked the Democratic State Senator; and, to cap the climax, two thousand wrote in the name of a woman for the School Board. If the infection of Ogdensburg spreads, the days of the leadership of a political machine are numbered.

The tumult and the shouting dies, and, alas! already feuds lift their heads between the lines of the despatches from Marion. Soon there will be quaking fears and aching hearts and disappointed hopes where only yesterday was the universal exuberance of victory. And the Republican leadership will face, with what success doth not yet appear, the enormously difficult problems of the new age upon which we have entered.

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DIANA'S TENANTS

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

WESTWARD and skyward from The Outlook's windows poises Diana, Goddess of Hunting. Earthward from the slim beauty of her gallant figure lies Madison Square Garden, combining in its form and its presiding genius the religion of Ephesus and the architecture of Spain. Madison Square Garden, as most Americans know, is the great assembly hall of New York City, which has sheltered under its wide roof during its useful lifetime all manners of human activity. There Buffalo Bill pursued his lumbering bison; Barnum and Bailey and Forepaugh have used it for their tent. It has witnessed the birth of motordom and testified to the conquest of the air. It has been the home of creeds and the battleground of politics. It has heard Alexander Dowie and William Jennings Bryan. It has seen the election of a Negro President of Africa, and it has echoed to the voice of Theodore Roosevelt calling a nation to war.

Yes, Diana has had many tenants housed in the vast structure over which she presides, and now flaming posters on the walls of her home declare that it is again dedicated to an art and a profession which goes back in history far beyond recorded time—the art and profession of human combat as finally regimented by the late lamented Marquis of Queensberry.

After languishing for a number of years, boxing for decisions and purses has been legally restored in New York State and the Garden has been captured by a gentleman well and favorably known to the sporting world as "Tex Rickard," who is devoting its familiar hall to the promotion of prize-fighting and the filling of his own ample purse.

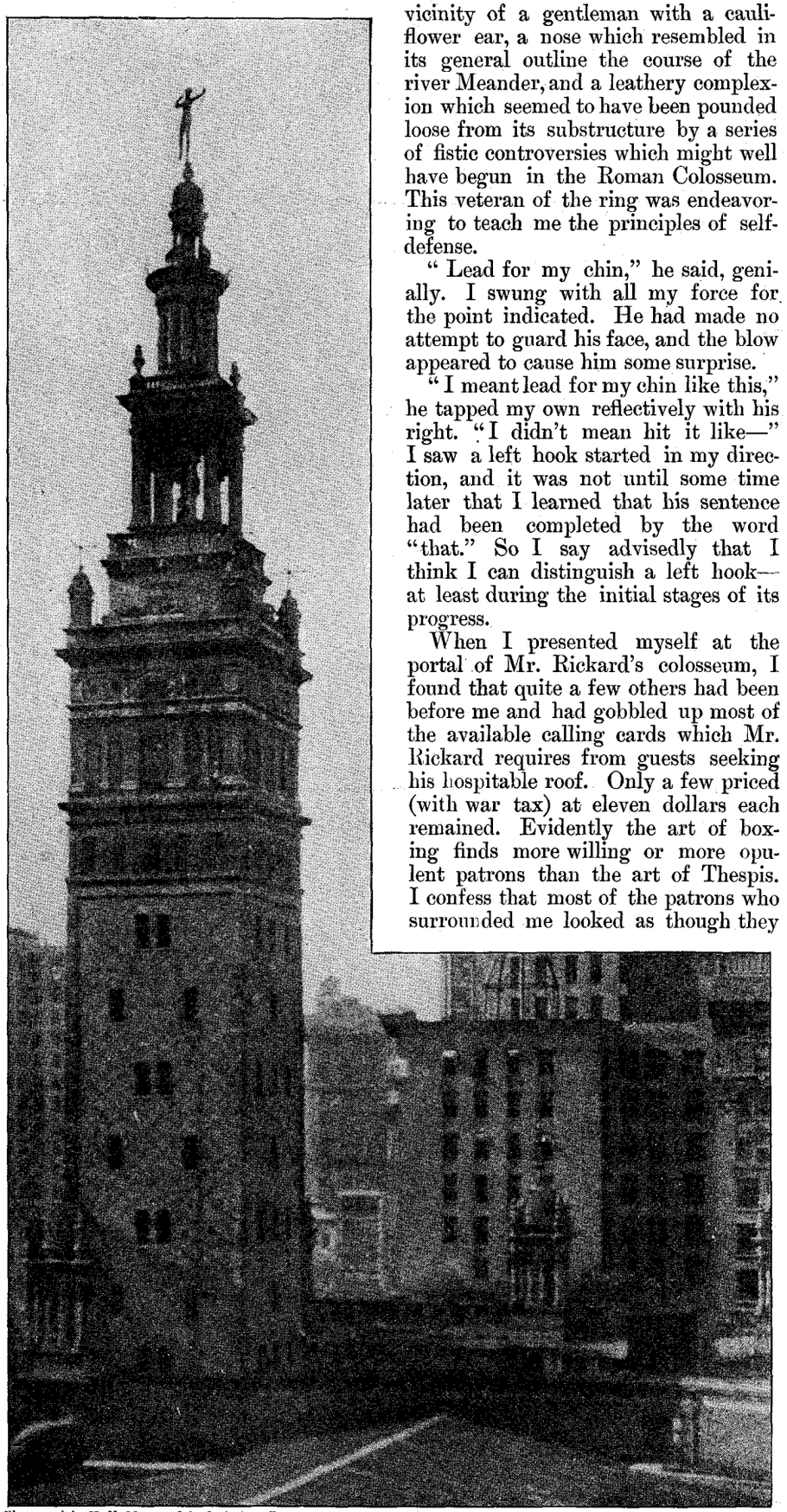
Since boxing has been legally restored to the metropolis and has chosen to take up its abode under The Outlook's windows, it seemed but a natural thing to pay it a call, an act to which Mr. Rickard manifested no observable objection and a privilege which he seemed willing to extend to an editor of The Outlook as freely as to any one else with the necessary cash for a ticket.

I am not an authority on what our French allies call *le box*. I do not even pretend to be able to sort out of a welter of blows the various steps which lead to the award of a close decision on points. I think I can tell when a man is knocked out. I can observe closely enough to know whether a boxer is being hit in the stomach or the jaw. I believe I can recognize a left hook when I see one started. I say when I see one started advisedly, for I once saw one started in my direction from the general vicinity of a gentleman with a cauliflower ear, a nose which resembled in its general outline the course of the river Meander, and a leathery complexion which seemed to have been pounded loose from its substructure by a series of fistic controversies which might well have begun in the Roman Colosseum. This veteran of the ring was endeavoring to teach me the principles of self-defense.

"Lead for my chin," he said, genially. I swung with all my force for the point indicated. He had made no attempt to guard his face, and the blow appeared to cause him some surprise.

"I meant lead for my chin like this," he tapped my own reflectively with his right. "I didn't mean hit it like—" I saw a left hook started in my direction, and it was not until some time later that I learned that his sentence had been completed by the word "that." So I say advisedly that I think I can distinguish a left hook—at least during the initial stages of its progress.

When I presented myself at the portal of Mr. Rickard's colosseum, I found that quite a few others had been before me and had gobbled up most of the available calling cards which Mr. Rickard requires from guests seeking his hospitable roof. Only a few priced (with war tax) at eleven dollars each remained. Evidently the art of boxing finds more willing or more opulent patrons than the art of Thespis. I confess that most of the patrons who surrounded me looked as though they



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

"WESTWARD AND SKYWARD FROM THE OUTLOOK'S WINDOWS POISES DIANA, GODDESS OF HUNTING. EARTHWARD FROM THE SLIM BEAUTY OF HER GALLANT FIGURE LIES MADISON SQUARE GARDEN"

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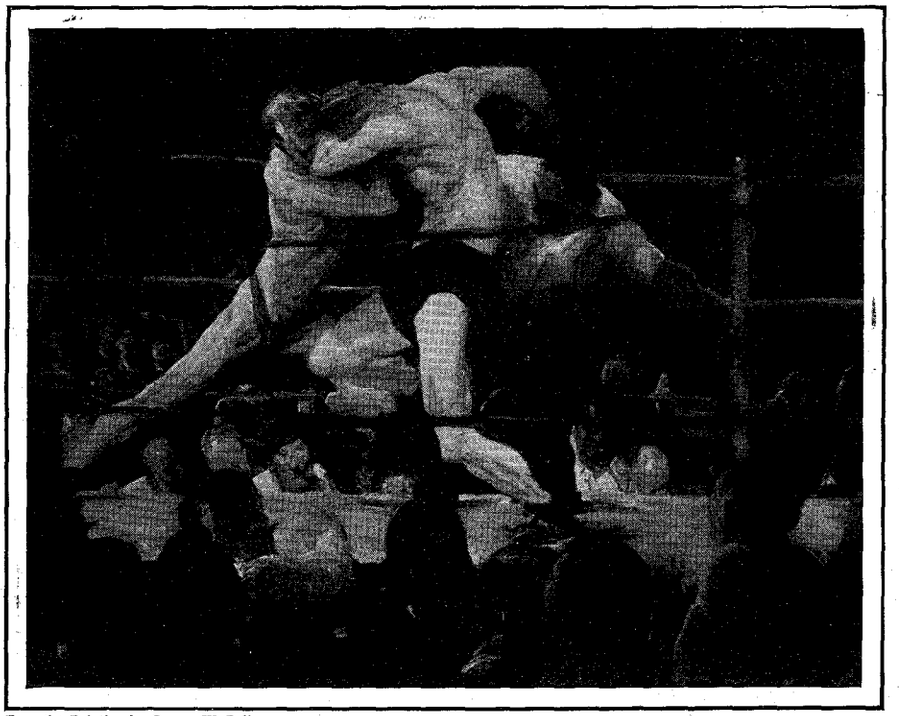

From the Painting by George W. Bellows
"SUDDENLY I REMEMBERED A DARING STUDY OF LIGHT AND MOVEMENT IN THE PRIZE RING FROM THE BRUSH OF GEORGE BELLOWS"

would have to labor several hours even at modern union wages to acquire the necessary admission fee, but perhaps it is unsafe to judge the size of purses by the cut of coats in these enlightened days. And probably few of Mr. Rickard's guests ever felt called upon to waste their substance on first editions of Shelley or lessons in æsthetic dancing.

I entered the Garden just before the preliminaries began. A babel of voices rose from the floor and floated down from the galleries. It was a well-behaved crowd seeking its place in orderly fashion. It was a neighborly crowd exchanging appropriate repartee across vast spaces and greeting old acquaintances with back-slapping and shouts of "Ah, there, Bill."

I found my seat at last, located between a puffy-faced citizen and a keen-eyed youth in a slouch hat who appeared to know the ancestry, past performances, and future prospects of all the evening's entertainers. I hesitated to enter into conversation with this gentleman lest my ignorance of the game prove mortifying, but I was soon assured as to his generosity of view-point, for every remark which I ventured drew forth an encouraging and invariable, "You said it, Bo." It was good to know that one had "said it," even if one was not entirely certain as to what one had said. A survey of my other neighbors disclosed an almost exclusively masculine gathering, though here and there a woman's face showed in the tobacco smoke. A red-headed gentleman whom I had mistaken for the Mayor of New York in search of information as to the proper method of conducting a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment proved, on closer examination, to have no such claim to fame. Doubtless I was surrounded by many other worthies of the sporting world, but, alas! I knew them not.

Promptly on the appointed moment the lights in the ceiling of the great hall grew dim. Beneath the second gallery a circle of light remained, punctuated here and there by the red exit signals. Over the inclosure known as the "squared ring" a huge chandelier blossomed into light, a circular cloth cutting off its rays from most of the assembled multitude. Later I was to discover that the figures in the truncated cone of illuminated smoke beneath the chandelier seemed strangely familiar to my eyes. I could not trace the familiarity to any recollection of an actual scene until suddenly I remembered a daring study of light and movement in the prize ring from the brush of George Bellows. As the hall darkened the babble of the crowd changed to a concerted roar—a roar made up of vowel sounds which rose and fell like surf on the shore. The referee, a cat-footed gentleman in white, stepped into the ring. Two boxers in gorgeous bathrobes took their places in opposite corners, surrounded by their rubbers and seconds. The referee fingered their bandaged hands in search of concealed horseshoes and dynamite. An announcer, who needed the voice of William A. Prendergast but who did not possess it, went through the time-honored practice of introducing all the distinguished gentlemen associated with this particular bout. A gong like the gong on a hurrying ambulance signaled for silence, and the two featherweights stepped forward. Shorn of their gorgeous apparel, the slender figures faced each other. The gong sounded again, and the fight was on.

It was a six-round bout. A good deal of damage was done to the circumambient air but little to the contenders. The boxers appeared to tire more from their own exertions than from the effect of the blows which they exchanged. After each round they came back grinning for more. The blows appeared to be either short jabs without much force or wide swings which glanced harmlessly from the sweating bodies. Once, indeed, one of them slipped to the floor for a four-second count, but he climbed up again, ducked into a clinch, and appeared little worse for the punishment he had received.

My pudgy left-hand neighbor observed, feelingly: "I paid eleven dollars for this seat. What didja pay for yours? Eleven dollars? Ain't it rotten to pay such money to see such lemons?" I wondered how long his corpulent form would withstand the pounding of even such lemons as these two striplings.

The ring cleared. A new set of contestants advanced. They were very earnest souls, but a bit erratic in their methods. There were body blows exchanged where the smack of glove and flesh was heavy enough to be heard far from the ring. At each such blow the roar of the crowd swelled in exultation. It was plain that fighting rather than boxing met its deepest desires. The voice of a crowd is a strange and eloquent thing. You need not tell me that animals with but a single cry have any difficulty in expressing all of the basic emotions—hate, fear, courage, despair, admiration, and disgust. All of these emotions manifested themselves in the varying roar which filled the wide walls of the Garden. The yappings of individual voices could be heard only from those who were near by. Twenty feet away they were swallowed up in a tumult which came from fifteen thousand throats, but which voiced the emotions of the crowd as though it came from a single pair of lungs.

As the second fight progressed the blows which fell upon the eyes of one of the contestants seemed to promise an early closing hour, but he fought back gamely and in the end won the decision.

The third bout produced two men unequally matched in weight, but with the balance of skill falling heavily in favor of the lighter man—127 pounds against 140. He carried the fight with him in every round of the ten, dropping his opponent in the seventh and eighth each time for eight counts. More than once he seemed on the verge of landing a knockout blow. He kept his opponent at a distance with his straight right arm, while he landed with his left almost at will. Once his opponent, clinging to the ropes with his left arm and feebly attempting to ward off the blows which broke through his defense, caught a series of left jabs in the stomach which left him white and reeling. The lighter boxer fought with his chin

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tucked in, his blows seeming to spring from a complete co-ordination of mind and muscle. He was a fighting machine which bored tellingly through his opponent's guard. My pudgy friend on the left saw only the failures of the loser, and again voiced his disapproval of the management in failing to provide better food for his fare. But the crowd thought otherwise. It was an occasion upon which good boxing combined with hard fighting won its complete approval.

For the fourth and last time, the ring cleared, and this time the two contestants were greeted with a boom of flashlights and redoubled cheers. They were contestants for the right to challenge for the light-weight crown. It was the bout of the evening—scheduled to go fifteen rounds to a decision or to a knockout if such a happy event was in store for the eager crowd.

For a time the contest seemed an even one, but as the fight wore on it was obvious that the gentleman in the green tights suffered more than his purple-panted opponent. Again and again the gladiator in green saved himself by swiftly ducking under his opponent's extended right for a clinch. Always green broke away reluctantly at the command of the white-haired referee. The end came in the tenth round. Following his green-clad opponent into the corner, the knight in purple drove a straight right to green's jaw. Green went down for the count of nine, and as he rose to his feet he of the purple clothes followed his opponent as he toppled and slithered along the ropes. Purple caught him again as he clung to the opposite side of the ring with a series of terrific blows to his unguarded jaw and face. The one in green wilted limply and hung helplessly over the lower barrier; only the gong saved him from being counted out. But when the bell rang again for the eleventh round Green's seconds had thrown up the sponge. As the end came the whole crowd stood on their seats yelling and cheering, and then hastened out into the cool October air.

Overhead the stars were shining faintly and Diana, Goddess of Hunting, loomed darkly against the cloudless sky. What of your new tenants, Diana? Do they hunt as you would have them hunt? Do they play the game as you would have it played? If Diana could speak, I wonder what her answer would be?

Even in that far-distant time when Utopia has come to earth I think there will be boxing a-plenty. It is a clean sport, or can be made so, but I think that in Utopia they will order some things differently. I think the ringside in Utopia will be surrounded by clean-limbed athletes who are themselves willing and unafraid to exchange hard blows. Perhaps in Utopia the ringside seats will go to those with the best bodies and not to men with the fattest purse. The pudgy gentlemen whose fear of losing bets is only exceeded by their fear of personal blows will be relegated to the top gallery or beyond. And those who fight in a squared ring will fight, not for greater purses than the salaries of kings and presidents, but for the love of a manly game. But Utopia lies a long way ahead.

BHAI BANDI

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE close of a hot May afternoon in Agra, the air quivering over the tracks of the cantonment station, and on the platform a surge of dark-skinned men in the King-Emperor's khaki, whose cheers almost drowned the utmost efforts of the full regimental band. Those who climbed the bridge across the tracks to discover the cause of the *tamasha* could see the center of interest. It was a group of three—a man, a woman, and a little dog—all garlanded to stifling with the flower wreaths which an Oriental hangs upon those whom he delights to honor. It was the farewell tribute of the Seventy-first Punjabis to their Depot Major, just starting home for six months' leave.

The crowning glory of the demonstration was an address printed in gold, the composition of the regimental Chrysostom. Much time and labor had gone to the framing of its quaintly precise sentences, but if spontaneity was lacking genuine feeling was there. "Honored and Beloved Sir: In these days of bustling activity, when mere words are held of small account, we have assembled here this afternoon not to give you a formal farewell but to tell you how greatly you have won our respects and made a portion of our affection and best memories your own. You, sir, embodied in yourself the cardinal virtues of a successful officer—kind but not indulgent, strict but not stern, noble but not proud. As an Englishman true to the finest traditions of your motherland you taught us how to be united in spite of differences, you encouraged us to meet on the broad plane of humanity, ignoring all accidental differences of race, rank, and age. You set for us an example of service and sacrifice, and have shown us how to make ourselves worthy sons of our motherland and loyal soldiers and citizens of the British Empire."

The Major was in no mood to be touched by ornate phrases. He was suffering physically from the usual prickly heat of India, augmented by frangipani blossoms down his neck, but he was also undergoing the even more acute mental anguish that afflicts an Englishman who has done his duty and is confronted by an emotional public recognition of the fact. Embarrassed as he was by the spectacular praise, he was touched too. This was not an ordinary leave-taking; the service which it crowned had been far outside the commonplace. The Major's voice was a little husky with something more than the ubiquitous Indian dust as he began his reply. He looked over the crowding dark faces to the tall chaplain who had been his comrade in the struggles, the disappointments, and the triumphs that were the background of this scene, and they exchanged an understanding smile as the Major's voice deepened on the key-word of their common effort—*bhai bandi*—brotherhood.

Why should there be more *bhai bandi* among the Seventy-first Punjabis than in any other part of the Indian army? Because the Seventy-first Punjabis are a unique organization, the only native Christian regiment. The position of a native convert is always painful. He is an outcast even to the Untouchables, lower than the pariah. Even the army cannot ignore caste, that tradition which is in the blood of every Hindu, and the position of a native Christian soldier among his Hindu—can one call them comrades under the circumstances?—was so strained that as the number of native Christian soldiers increased it seemed not only advisable but necessary to unite them in a regiment of their own. In 1917 this was done, and the Seventy-first Punjabis were brought together, company by company, from other regiments. Their first station was at Ferozepur, and from there they were moved to Quetta, where they got into serious trouble. It is not strange that most of the converts are of the low castes—a religion that preaches equality naturally has a stronger appeal to a man who is at the hopeless bottom of the ladder than to one who is serenely secure of his position at the top. The convert is hated by the caste he has left and despised by the high caste, and when the men of the Seventy-first Punjabis walked through the Quetta bazaars they were greeted as *bhangi* (sweepers) and *kafir* (infidels). Endurance, to them, presently ceased to be a virtue, and trouble ensued in which some lives were lost. As a result the regiment was at once transferred to Bussorah, where

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"THE MARKET AT DELHI, ON THE VERY STEPS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AND FLAMING WITH RELIGIOUS FERVORS AND ANIMOSITIES"

since May of 1918 it had been part of the South Persian Field Force, performing creditably all the duties required of it.

The depot—the nucleus where the men are training for the drafts that are sent out—moved from Quetta to Delhi, then to Agra, and is now in the city of the Taj, a scattering of brown huts on brown-trodden sand of a great parade-ground. On this field we have one more instance of England and America joining hands, for the depot chaplain of the Seventy-first Punjabis has always been an American missionary. The present incumbent brings to the difficult work considerably over six feet of muscular piety, sportsmanship, and humor—also a family adored by all the wives, children, and puppies in the married quarters. The Padre of this regiment holds no "cushy" post. He is not only the spiritual adviser of the men, but the head of the Y. M. C. A., the manager of the co-operative store, and almost, like Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else. The co-operative store is a highly necessary institution. The market at Delhi, on the very steps of the great mosque and flaming with religious fervors and animosities as it does with color, had even more dangerous possibilities than Quetta; and even in less inflammable Agra the men must be kept away from the bazaars as far as possible, not only to avoid incidents like the Quetta unpleasantness, but because those alluring marts purvey not only needful articles but wares neither necessary nor harmless, and also society which ignores caste, but not to edification. In the Y hut—which is more truly a hut than some of the buildings we call so—the co-operative store occupies one end of the long, ramshackle structure floored with hard-trodden earth. The shareholders of the store are the men who started it with their savings, and it is a self-supporting business affair under the wise direction of the Padre. It stocks pop, cigarettes, cards, peanuts, popcorn, and the important trifles of intimate haberdashery that a man wants when he wants them. The pop, of course, is for summer. In winter there is a tea bar that does a roaring trade between the checker tournaments that are a rival to the gramophone.

The thought of that popular instrument brings back that Y hut as I saw it one April afternoon. Warm, yes; but a paradise of cool shade compared to the outer glare of pitiless sky and parched yellow earth; at one end the actively patronized shop counter, at the other the gramophone playing indiscriminately Indian records and our own ragtime. Popular music in India has not the respectable status which it enjoys with us, and their favorite songs are usually composed and sung by the ladies, whose presence in the bazaars is one of the reasons for the co-operative store. The tall Padre has taken a daring advantage of this by setting the Psalms to the raciest and catchiest tunes. Perhaps the very audacity of this venture has made for its success; at any rate, the men's interest has been so held that they have made no absent-minded and unseemly lapses to the original words.

It has not been possible always to be so successful in plucking brands from the burning. When the regiment was young, it was hailed by the missions with an enthusiasm that threatened disaster. They not only sent their hopeless cases to this stern school, but recommended them for commissions, apparently hoping that the combination of discipline and responsibility might work a miracle of regeneration. In one case out of four it did, but the worm turned, and the regiment is now no longer a "home for incurables."

There are other troubles that are inevitable. Even the ardor of new faith cannot always level the wall of caste. A high-caste convert applied for a commission in the depot force, and when he arrived was put on probationary work by the Major. He was prepared to confront hardness and to bear persecution by those of his own kind, but comradeship with those born to a caste below his own he could not endure. For his like, as for the Sikh of good family whose Christianity could not sustain him through the same ordeal, this regiment is not the place. *Bhai bandi* must rule. The highest officers set the example—witness the gold-lettered memorial of the Major's purgatorial apotheosis at Agra Station.

"If you try to tell any story about the regiment," said the Padre, skillfully steering a Ford through the bewildering medley of an Indian road, "be sure you get in the Major. He's splendid—sets a fine standard for the boys, comes to communion with them, and—" he paused before his climax while he deftly swerved around a buffalo which was inviting bumps in the middle of the road—"and I've only heard him swear once. He said one of the men was damn slack—and he was, too."

The companion tribute came from the Major, enjoying the relaxation of civilian clothes and a steamer chair on the windward side.

"If you're talking about the regiment, you can't say too much about the Padre. He's tophole, as good as they're made, if he did pray that I wouldn't get a passage home till we got those new floors down in the Y house. I got it, though—praying a bit myself."

The Major chuckled, then there was a little pause while he thought back to that hard-baked harvest field at Agra.

"It's a wonderful opportunity, you know," he mused aloud. "All that *tamasha* at the station—that wasn't for me, of course. It was for the idea we represent. My word, how uncomfortable I was with those beastly flowers going down my collar! But even the little dog understood what it was all about and didn't try to get his wreath off, though he hates to be dressed up. I got it because I was the first C. O. who had been with the depot long enough to carry on a continuous policy—to make them feel what the British officer means to the Indian army. Hundreds of officers do the same thing every day of their lives, only the men don't have the chance to understand it as ours do. *Bhai bandi* isn't a specialty of the Seventy-first, but it means more from your officer when you've never had it before from any one you could look up to. Of course one has to be careful—strict discipline, no playing favorites—but that's the real *bhai bandi*, after all, isn't it? They look to us for impartial justice; they don't understand it and can't give it, and what's the good of a

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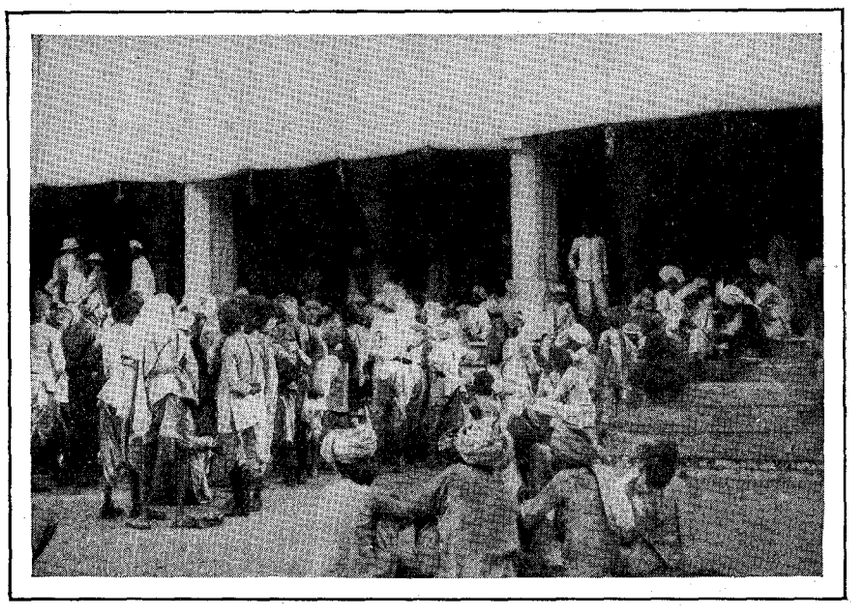
comrade if he doesn't give you what you need, even when you don't think you want it? They do really want it, though, at bottom. The very men who have been no end offended with me sometimes because I wouldn't take their part when they were in the wrong got up a feast with that good-by *tamasha*—a real feast. There was no sense in the money they spent. I tried to stop them, told them the address was enough, but they said, 'We must give you something that costs, so that others will know what is in our hearts.' It wasn't I, you understand. I just had the time there. Can't expect an officer to know a depot unless he has time."

The eternal schoolboy that is in every Englishman had wakened to self-consciousness; the Major looked like a nice Eton lad who had been caught "jawing," and hastily changed the subject. "Sports—let me tell you about the sports. Of course sport is purely an imported idea; an Indian has no more notion of it than he has of justice, but he takes to it jolly well. Cricket, football, hockey—all that. And fill in with P. J.—that's physical jerks. You call them setting-up exercises, don't you? Play with them? Surely we do. The Padre was a nailer at hockey till he got a smack on the shin."

I too thought back along the lengthening miles to India and the idea that stood behind this gallant boyish gentleman. More than ever in the coming days will India need the spirit of *bhai bandi*, and it will be the army that must keep the torch alight. The new system of government, admirable as it is in theory, means, without this spirit, simply the enslavement of the low castes by the high. These are times of unrest. Anarchy is no longer an impossibility even to the custom-bound Hindu, and between India's low-caste millions and the flaming madness that reddens the sky of the world to-day there is only one barrier that will hold—*bhai bandi*, interpreted by such men as the Major and the Padre.



"EVEN IN LESS INFLAMMABLE AGRA . . . THOSE ALLURING MARTS PURVEY NOT ONLY NEEDFUL ARTICLES BUT WARES NEITHER NECESSARY NOR HARMLESS"

THE OIL-WELL SHOOTERS

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

THE automobile was no longer lovely to look at. It was an ancient and battered ruin on the outside, but it had a sweet-running engine concealed under the mud-splashed hood. Strapped along its sides were six-inch tubes of tin, and the rear of the car was built into a boxlike compartment. The car skidded drunkenly from one side of the muddy road to the other. The driver leaned over the wheel, tense and alert, piloting the speeding car with as great care as possible. Other machines gave the old one a wide path. And once the mud-splashed car was passed, the drivers of other cars opened their throttles wide and departed thence with an affrighted backward glance.

The reason was evident. Painted in bright and flaming red on the side of the car were the words "Nitroglycerine." The car was loaded with two hundred quarts of one of the highest explosives known to man. The tense and nerveless individual driving the car over the miserable roads was an oil-well shooter—a man who faced death every second of his working day.

The car left the road and wallowed through the field to where a tall oil derrick stood black against the sky-line. The oil well had been drilled down through the earth's surface to a depth of nine hundred feet. The oil-bearing sand had been drilled and had been found to be a closely compacted sand formation, that did not permit of a free seepage of oil into the drilled hole. So it had been decided to follow the usual oil field practice of shooting the well with nitroglycerine to increase the production of petroleum.

The oil-well shooter—a rather ordinary-looking chap—stepped from the car and consulted with the oil-well drillers. Following the consultation, he became efficiently busy. The long tin tubes—shells, he informed me they were called—were unstrapped from the car and carried into the derrick. The back end of the battered car was opened, showing fifty gallon cans, each placed in a felt-lined cell. Half of these cans—which are simply maple syrup cans—he carried into the derrick and placed carefully on the floor. One of the shells—the tin tubes closed at one end and with a wire bail at the other—was lowered until one end was down the well-hole, and then he fastened the other end to a hook on the end of a wire line, fastened in turn to a strong reel. He tested the strength of the line and reel by putting the whole weight of his body on the line.

Then he bent over the cans and pulled the corks from one of them. Holding it firmly in his hands, he started to pour it into the tin tube. The liquid, heavy and in appearance very much like a light-yellow table syrup, gurgled from the can and down into the shell, striking the bottom with a splash that sent shivers up my spine. As the shooter worked, filling the shell, he told me a lot about nitroglycerine. It was, so he said, the invention of a patient French chemist who had struck upon a combination of nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and sweet or commercial glycerine, and made the most dangerous explosive ever known to man. For years it had been known to the medical profession as a heart stimulant. In 1866 a small consignment of it was shipped to New York City to be used as a medicine, and a careless wagon driver dropped the box on the pavement, causing an explosion that killed seven people and broke windows in surrounding blocks. Nitroglycerine was thus introduced in this country as a high explosive.

The first shell was now filled. The shooter walked over to the reel and began to lower the charge down to the oil-bearing sand. While lowering it he told me, in his quiet and unemo-

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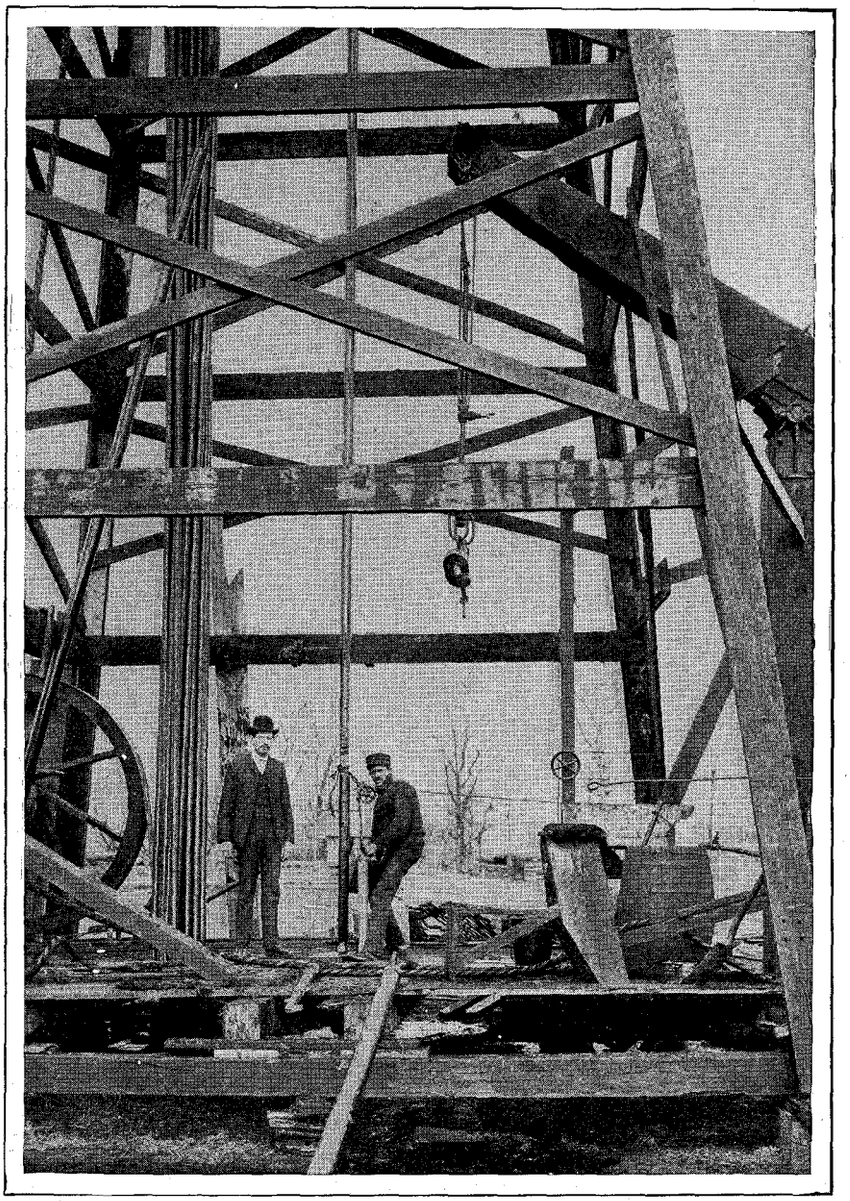

U. S. Bureau of Mines

POURING THE NITROGLYCERINE INTO THE SHELL

tional voice, about one of the shooters who worked for the company that employed him. It seems that this man was lowering a loaded shell down the hole when a sudden rumbling down the hole gave warning that the well was about to flow. This meant that the shell, containing enough explosive to wreck a modern city of sizable proportions, would come out of the well-hole, crash against the derrick as the force of the oil flung it upward, and in turn set off the explosive piled on the derrick floor and in the machine standing near by. The result—and the same thing has occurred very often in the oil fields—would be distinctly unpleasant. It would mean a flash and an annihilating and destroying explosion that would only leave a hole in the ground to mark where physical and human objects had stood. The shooter had no time to run, so he stood his ground. The roar of the oil coming was terrible. The man stood with his arms outstretched. The tin tube hove into view on the first flow of oil. Quick as a flash, the shooter's arms encircled it, jerking it back to a place of safety. He walked out of the derrick, drenched with the flow of oil, but safe and sound. The feat has been duplicated only once in oil field history. When the flow of oil had subsided, the shooter lowered all the charges, exploded them, and departed to shoot another oil well.

"We never know when th' stuff is goin' to let go," explained the oil-well shooter. It was then that I noticed the tense line of wrinkles around his eyes. "Some say that it takes a sixty-pound jar to set it off, but I have seen a can explode—an empty can with just a drop or two in it—just from the friction of drawing out the cork. Once I knew a shooter that had a team run away with him. The wagon upset and cans of glycerine were spilled down over a steep hill. The wagon was smashed to splinters and not a can of the stuff let loose! Why, I don't know. But you never can tell about th' stuff; it's tricky and freaky. Sometimes it lets go by spontaneous combustion. That's the thing most of us are afraid of. I've worked at the business now for six years."

Six years of riding over and handling sudden death! No wonder the man had tense nerve wrinkles around his eyes!

The shell had reached bottom, and the shooter leaned over, raising and lowering the wire line until the hook on the other end became unfastened. The line was then drawn up and the process repeated until one hundred quarts of the explosive were placed.

The shooter then drove the car to a safe place and returned to the derrick. By this time the drillers and tool-dressers had come back from where they had viewed the business from a safe distance. They began to pour barrel after barrel of water down the hole. I asked the shooter why this was done. He explained that this water was to act as tamping, and would drive the force of the explosion downward and sideward before it would follow the lines of least resistance and shoot the whole fluid contents out of the hole. This was the basis of the famous Roberts patent, which was filed in the early days in Pennsylvania, following the drilling of the first artesian oil well by Edwin L. Drake in 1859. The Roberts patent was the only practical one ever granted for the shooting of oil wells, and the Roberts people charged oil men a very high price for the use of the patent, and the oil men did not care to pay the price, so they hired men who made their own nitro and shot oil wells at night. In this way the oil men escaped paying a high tribute to the Roberts organization. The men who did this dangerous work were forced to work at night to escape the attention of hundreds of detectives hired by Roberts to secure information of patent violations. These men were called, for obvious reasons, "moonlighters." They operated for over twenty years while a great law war was staged between oil operators and the Roberts organization, during which over four thousand lawsuits were fought to a determined finish. Roberts, however, won most of these suits. The patent has now expired, and the right to its use belongs to any one who cares to use it.

The force of the explosion opens fissures in the oil-bearing sand, permitting of a free flow of petroleum, and digs a pocket or a reservoir into which the oil seeps. The instant of terrific heat generated melts any clogging material that obstructs the flow of the oil. In fact, the shooting of the oil well constitutes one of the valuable but generally unknown processes in use in any great industry.

Sufficient water had now been placed in the well. I watched the shooter prepare the "go-devil." This is a small tin tube containing a stick of dynamite, with a fuse and an explosive cap. The fuse was lighted and dropped down the hole. The lot of us turned and ran to a

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place of safety—a distance of about one hundred yards. I listened breathlessly. Nothing happened. Suddenly there came a light explosion, no louder than the explosion of a small firecracker. It was, in fact, disappointingly small. But I did not stop to realize that the explosion occurred nine hundred feet down in the bowels of the earth and beneath the smothering weight of tons of water.

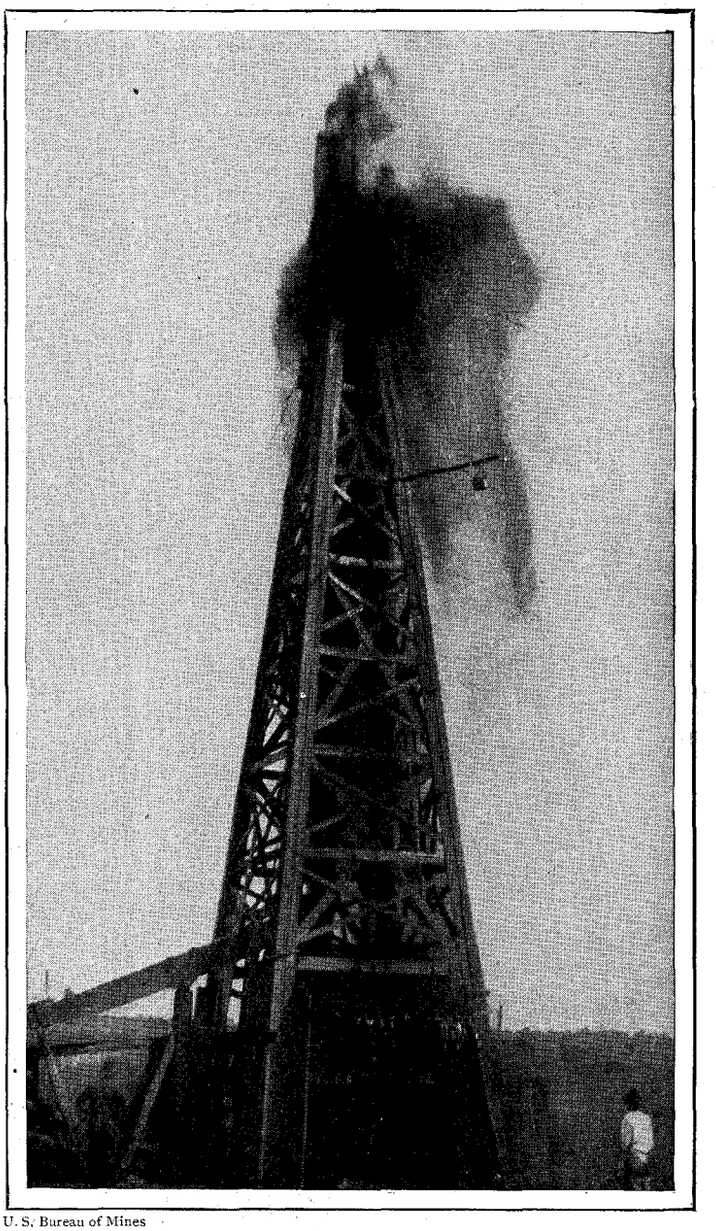
The earth trembled and shook. From the well there came a whistling sigh and a rush of air from the top of the casing. Then a roar drawing nearer and nearer. A six-inch volume of water came in sight, rose to the height of a man, and dwindled. The roar was deafening now, and it reached its climax as a volume of oil, water, and sand rushed from the casing head and up and over the top of the seventy-foot derrick. The flow and the roar gradually subsided until the volume of oil barely reached a height of ten feet. Golden brown and splashing in the sunlight, the stream of golden wealth continued to flow. The never-to-be-forgotten smell of fresh oil was in the air. A fortune was flowing there where there had been only a hole in the ground. The pale-yellow nitro had worked magic some place nine hundred feet down under the earth's surface. The drillers and tool-dressers skylarked toward the derrick, and the owner followed, grinning cheerfully.

Magic had been wrought that day. A man—a common and a rather greasy man—had been responsible for the magic. A man who flirted with death every working day and a man who knew that "th' stuff" was liable to let go any minute had performed the Aladdin stunt. He was not a highly paid man, I knew. Insurance was not for him; assurance that he would return from the daily trip was never his. But he was a real soldier—an ace of industry, if you please!—in the ranks of a great and vital industry.

Our heat, light, power, and lubrication depend so much on the oil-well shooter—that calm, nerveless, and efficient gentleman who works, day after day, at a trade that has the highest death rate in the world.

I turned to look for the man—this oil-well shooter in his greasy overalls and with his everlasting chew of tobacco. But he was gone. Down the road a battered car careened through the mud toward the web of a distant derrick.

He was doing his daily work. There was another well to be shot.



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"THE ROAR WAS DEAFENING NOW, AND IT REACHED ITS CLIMAX AS A VOLUME OF OIL, WATER, AND SAND RUSHED FROM THE CASING HEAD AND UP AND OVER THE TOP OF THE SEVENTY-FOOT DERRICK"

CLOWNS, COAL MINERS, AND ARNOLD ADAIR

The exotic eyes of Maria Moravsky have beheld her first American circus. The bizarre sights filled her with a singular melancholy. She states her impressions in an article soon to appear in The Outlook. It is entitled "Uplifting the Clown."

A circus flavor likewise pervades "The Golden Day of Orpheus," a story by William S. Walkley. It is the story of a boy temperamentally of the same breed as Penrod. Coming soon.

If you have never been down in a coal mine, you will enjoy making the descent with John A. Wetzel, who contributes "The Game of Mining Coal" to an early issue.

"Fighting Forest Fires from the Air" is a fast-moving narrative by Laurence La Tourette Driggs. It tells how gas bombs quenched a conflagration. Arnold Adair's war experiences are familiar to Outlook readers. The news will be welcomed that he is now to figure in the adventures of peace. Mr. Driggs also contributes a more serious flying article, "What's the Matter with American Aviation?" to an early issue. In it he takes a timely shot at public indifference to aviation in America.

"Knud, Son of Knud," exposes the sensitive soul of an immigrant boy. It is sub-entitled "A Story of Lincoln's Land." Lincoln would have read this poignant chronicle with relish. It is a noteworthy example of Outlook fiction, and will soon appear. It is by Emma Mauritz Larson.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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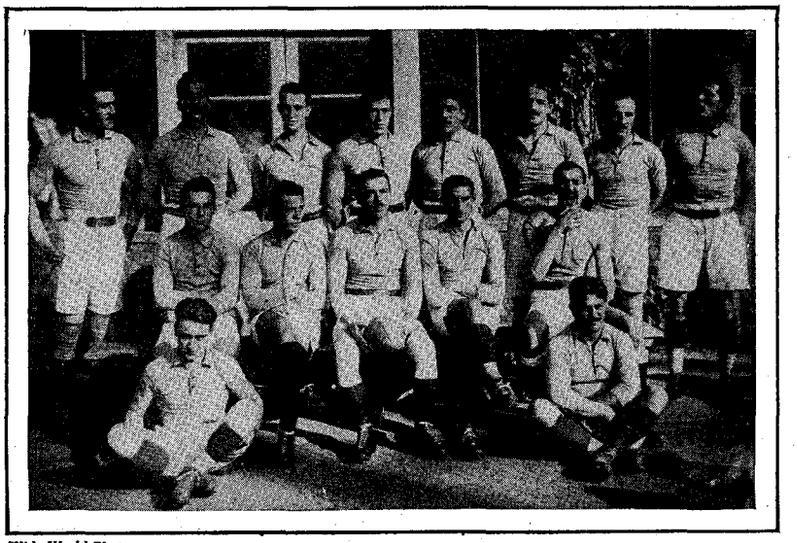
PRESIDENT-ELECT OBREGON, OF MEXICO, AND HIS STAFF SELECTING LIVE STOCK AT A TEXAS FAIR

General Obregon visited the State Fair at Dallas, Texas, to pick out live stock and farm machinery for use in Mexico, as a step toward bettering commercial relations between the United States and Mexico. The party was welcomed by the Governor of Texas and the Mayor of Dallas

(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE FASTEST TYPISTS IN AMERICA

George L. Hossfield (left) and Margaret B. Owen (right) at the National Business Show in New York City. In the center is the cup won by Mr. Hossfield for writing 131 correct words a minute



Wide World Photos

THE FRENCH RUGBY TEAM WHICH DEFEATED THE U. S. OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

This French team recently defeated the hitherto invincible United States team, which had won the Olympic championship in September

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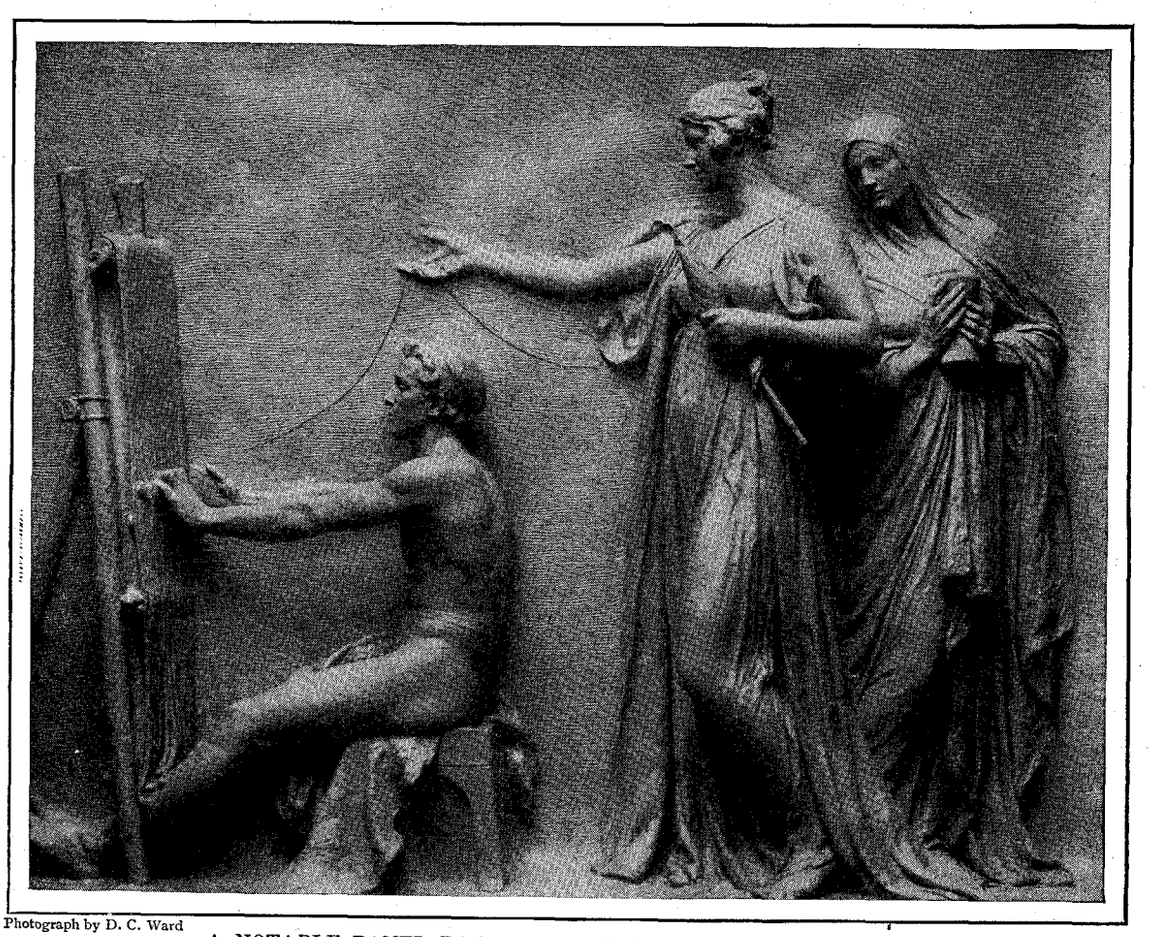
(C) Keystone View Co.

BELGIAN MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN LONDON

This memorial, unveiled recently on the Thames Embankment in London, was presented by the Belgian Government as a token of gratitude to Great Britain for her hospitality to Belgian refugees during the war



Photograph by D. C. Ward

A NOTABLE PANEL IN BRONZE, BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

The group symbolizes the continuity of life, in the figures of the Weaver, Life with the thread, and Time. It was unveiled on October 23, at Peacedale, Rhode Island, as a part of the Hazard Memorial erected at her birthplace by Miss Caroline Hazard, former President of Wellesley College

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK[1]

TO have good and new stories of famous people to tell and to know how to tell them well is enough to make any book enjoyable. But Mr. Bok has put much more than this in his volume of reminiscences. He lays stress on his title. Here was a little Dutch boy, six years old, who came to America with parents of moderate means and without knowledge of English. What did America do for him and wherein did it fail? He devotes a chapter to each question with homely and concrete illustrations. Thus, looking back, he sees that he had to practice thrift in a land of waste, that there was too much emphasis on quantity rather than quality, that lack of thoroughness was the "curse of America," that the public schools failed to provide rightly for the education of a child of foreign birth, that there was not respect enough for law and order, that America did not teach its young voters rightly as to the significance of the franchise. On the other hand, it offered Edward (for so Mr. Bok speaks of himself in a detached way, avoiding the first person) high idealism and "the most priceless gift that any nation can offer, and that is opportunity."

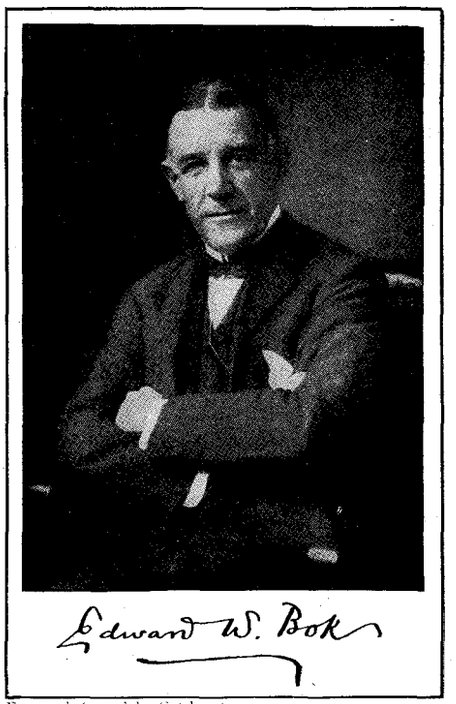
The story of Edward's boyhood shows that he had a naïve self-assurance—not in the least impudent or offensive. That his boyish personality was attractive is proved by the friendly spirit in which his advances were met. Thus his collection of autographs began with a letter to General Garfield, then candidate for the Presidency, asking whether a cyclopædia story of "the tow-path boy" was accurate—Edward wanted to test his newly bought cyclopædia, not to get an autograph. Mr. Bok remarks:

> Of course any public man, no matter how large his correspondence, is pleased to receive an earnest letter from an information-seeking boy. General Garfield answered warmly and fully. Edward showed the letter to his father, who told the boy that it was valuable and he should keep it. This was a new idea. He followed it further; if one such letter was valuable, how much more valuable would be a hundred!

So it came about that "General Grant sketched on an improvised map the exact spot where General Lee surrendered to him; Longfellow told him how he came to write 'Excelsior;' Whittier told the story of 'The Barefoot Boy;' Tennyson wrote out a stanza or two of 'The Brook,' upon condition that Edward would not again use the word 'awful,' which the poet said 'is slang for "very," and I hate slang.'"

Out of this autograph hunting came articles for newspapers and the beginnings of Edward's work for publishers, which was to end in his establishing a new type of magazine, the "Ladies' Home Journal," the success of which made him a remarkable figure in the publishing world.

Soon we find Edward attracting President Hayes's attention by simple sincerity, calling upon General Grant at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and being asked to stay to dinner with the General and Mrs. Grant. A trip to Boston to see the famous New England authors resulted in an invitation from Oliver Wendell Holmes to breakfast and "have a piece of pie with me," in a delightful interview with Longfellow, who got him to say grace in Dutch and to read in Dutch "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in friendly talks with Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks, and even in a glimpse of Emerson in his pathetic old age. What is noteworthy about the accounts of these boyish experiences is the cheerful, friendly intimacy with which every one seems to have welcomed the boy Edward. There



From a photograph by Gutekunst

was certainly something about him that was pleasing and interesting.

As he advanced in literary and publishing circles Edward—or Bok, as he now begins to call himself—saw many people of note. Here is a delightful little impression of Harriet Beecher Stowe:

> He [Bok] was sitting in Mark Twain's sitting-room in his home in Hartford waiting for the humorist to return from a walk. Suddenly sounds of devotional singing came in through the open window from the direction of the outer conservatory. The singing was low, yet the sad tremor in the voice seemed to give it special carrying power.
>
> "You have quite a devotional servant," Bok said to a maid who was dusting the room.
>
> "Oh, that is not a servant who is singing, sir," was the answer. "You can step to this window and see for yourself."
>
> Bok did so, and there, sitting on one of the rustic benches in the flower-house, was a small, elderly woman. Keeping time with the first finger of her right hand, as if with a baton, she was slightly swaying her frail body as she sang, softly yet sweetly, Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and Sarah Flower Adams's "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
>
> But the singer was not a servant. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe.

With Henry Ward Beecher young Bok had associations in work and of friendship. One incident that is really dramatic in its relation is of Edward's helping Mr. Beecher hunt for some papers and accidentally coming across a box of papers marked Tilton vs. Beecher. Edward had actually never even heard of the case, which was tried when he was twelve years old, and he asked Mr. Beecher what it was about! Mr. Beecher said, "You will some day hear about that suit. And I don't know"—then he hesitated—"but—but you might as well get it straight." Then for two hours and until after midnight Mr. Beecher told this young fellow the entire history of the attack upon him from point to point. "It was interesting then," says Mr. Bok, "as Mr. Beecher progressed; but how thrice interesting that wonderful recital was to prove as the years rolled by and the boy realized the wonderful telling of that of all stories by Mr. Beecher himself."

Later, in response to a letter from Mr. Bok about an absurd story, which still survives, Mr. Beecher wrote him as follows:

> *My Dear Friend:*
>
> No, I never did begin a sermon with the remark that "it is d——d hot," etc. It is a story a hundred years old, revamped every few years to suit some new man. When I am dead and gone, it will be told to the rising generation respecting some other man, and then, as now, there will be fools who will swear they heard it! HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are other stories not familiar to readers about Mr. Beecher and about Eugene Field, Andrew Carnegie, Stockton, Gladstone, Cleveland, and many celebrities, and letters from Mark Twain, Whittier, and others.

Another contradiction of a widespread myth came later from Rudyard Kipling, in connection with his story "William the Conqueror." Mr. Bok had suggested that something relating to drinking might be modified:

> From this incident arose the widely published story that Bok cabled Kipling, asking permission to omit a certain drinking reference, and substitute something else, whereupon Kipling cabled back: "Substitute Mellin's Food." As a matter of fact (although it is a pity to kill such a clever story), no such cable was ever sent and no such reply ever received. As Kipling himself wrote to Bok: "No, I said nothing about Mellin's Food. I wish I had."

It was in connection with another story by Kipling that arose the not altogether popular publishing plan of "running over" stories and articles from the body of the paper back into the advertising pages:

> One day Bok was handling a story by Rud yard Kipling which had overrun the space allowed for it in the front. The story had come late and the rest of the front portion of the magazine had gone to press. The editor was in a quandary what to do with the two remaining columns of the Kipling tale. There were only two pages open, and these were at the back. He remade those pages, and continued the story from pages 6 and 7 to pages 38 and 39.
>
> At once Bok saw that this was an instance where "necessity was the mother of invention." He realized that if he could run some of his front material over to the back he would relieve the pressure at the front, present a more varied contents there, and make his advertisements more valuable by putting them next to the most expensive material in the magazine.

One other publishing story may be quoted because it reveals for the first time, we

[1] The Americanization of Edward Bok: The Autobiography of a Dutch Boy Fifty Years After. By Edward Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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think, the fact that Theodore Roosevelt was the author of the anonymous department called "Men," which ran in the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1916. Laborious care was taken at the time to preserve the anonymity, because Mr. Bok believed that this would stimulate public curiosity, and because he wanted to see "how far Theodore Roosevelt's ideas could stand unsupported by the authority of his vibrant personality." He comments:

> It was natural that the appearance of a department devoted to men in a woman's magazine should attract immediate attention. The department took up the various interests of a man's life, such as real efficiency; his duties as an employer, and his usefulness to his employees; the employee's attitude toward his employer; the relations of men and women; a father's relations to his sons and daughters; a man's duty to his community; the public school system; a man's relation to his church, and kindred topics.
>
> The anonymity of the articles soon took on interest from the positiveness of the opinions discussed; but so thoroughly had Colonel Roosevelt covered his tracks that, although he wrote in his usual style, in not a single instance was his name connected with the department. Lyman Abbott was the favorite "guess" at first; then after various other public men had been suggested, the newspapers finally decided upon former President Eliot, of Harvard University, as the writer.
>
> All this intensely interested and amused Colonel Roosevelt, and he fairly itched with the desire to write a series of criticisms of his own articles to Doctor Eliot. Bok, however, persuaded the Colonel not to spend more physical effort than he was already doing on the articles; for, in addition, he was notating answers on the numerous letters received, and those Bok answered "on behalf of the author."

There is a great deal that is stimulating to energy, originality, and resourcefulness in this autobiography, as well as much that is amusing and agreeable reading.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

There is less sea and more siren in this novel than Mr. McFee's readers would perhaps expect. It is strong meat for seasoned fiction readers; it deals frankly with the love theme in unconventional relations; and if some of the rather bookish phraseology of the character who tells the story seems unconvincing, "Mr. Spenlove" nevertheless makes us feel that he knows right well how to spin a yarn. Few readers will resist the charm of the style; some will think the *dénouement* unsatisfying.

Old Reliable in Africa. By Harris Dickson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Jovial tales of the doings of an old school darky servant who goes to Africa with his Colonel. His adventures are as queer as they are funny.

Poor Wise Man (A). By Mary Roberts Rinehart. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A thoroughly interesting study of after-the-war conditions in a Mid-Western city. The struggle is on between old-fashioned reactionary capitalism, red-handed revolutionism, and plain, simple prohibition and good citizenship—the last represented finely by Will Cameron, a lame young drug clerk returned from war service with the Y. M. C. A. He is the "poor wise man" of the title, and he helps save his town from extremists of both sides. There are romantic and dramatic incidents in abundance. The novel is alive and vigorous.

World to Mend (A). By Margaret Sherwood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Described by the author as "the journal of a workingman." It is an informal record from day to day of the experiences and reflections of a symbolic "cobbler," a man who, stung by the war to an intense consciousness of his own failure as a citizen, begins a new life of active, homely relationship with humanity, in an endeavor to discover a finer citizenship for himself and for others.

Wounded Souls. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Only in a limited sense a novel. There is a thread of fiction, but in the main the book is a series of pictures of what this famous war correspondent saw and heard in Belgium and Germany after the armistice. Again, as in his other books, he drives home the physical horror and moral hatefulness of war and calls upon the peoples of the world to prevent their "old men"—diplomats and soldiers—from playing with ambition and greed to the imminent danger of world peace. He writes with passion and vividness.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sandman's Mountain (The). By Louis Dodge. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

One is affected pleasurably at the outset by the tasteful way in which this book for children is printed and illustrated. It is really an admirable piece of work in its physical aspects. It is also charming and imaginative in its conception. It certainly will take its place as one of the best of children's books of the season.

Trail of the White Indians (The). By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Hair-raising adventures of two boys who encounter Huns, Indians, jaguars, and other objectionable creatures in South America. Rapid-fire conversation blazes on every page, and there is not a dull moment in the book.

Young Citizen's Own Book (The). By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Many young citizens who are realizing for the first time the responsibilities of the American voter will find this book an excellent one for helping them to bear those responsibilities intelligently. It discusses in simple and informal fashion our Government, State and National, the political parties, and cognate themes.

BIOGRAPHY

George von Lengerke Meyer: His Life and Public Services. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Every chapter of this well-written biography is worth reading. It reveals a wholesome, likable character. It describes years of service, first in the Massachusetts Legislature, then in the Ministries to Italy and Russia, and finally in Cabinet positions. The most interesting part of the book to many will be the narration of the Russo-Japanese negotiations of 1905 and Meyer's relationship to Theodore Roosevelt.

Margaret Fuller. By Katharine Anthony. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

This is a brief and somewhat sketchy narrative of the events of Margaret Fuller's life. Its distinctive interest lies in the psychological analysis which accompanies it. Miss Anthony is both keen and sympathetic—perhaps a little too sympathetic. But she is neither an apologist nor a eulogist; she is an analyst. Margaret Fuller's genius was akin to madness, and how far such an analysis of so abnormal a character is of real value is questionable. It is, however, unquestionably well done.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Accepting the Universe. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Frequent attempts have been made to explain the universe. That Mr. Burroughs has failed where no one has ever succeeded is not strange. He disarms criticism by admitting that "there may be some contradictions." In fact, his philosophy is a mass of contradictions. In his preface he calls nature "the great Mother." On page 5 he denies that the love of the Eternal is a parental love—"the love of the mother for her child;" and further on he characterizes her as an "impartial mother." On one page he declares that "man can know and feel and love only man;" on the next, that "we need not fear alienation from God. I love him when I love my friend." He sees religion as necessary to man. "The man who has it not is like a plant that never blooms." But a little further on man is only "a part of nature," and nature is a vast machine with neither thoughts nor feelings—is what it must be, acts as it must act. Generally the spirit is left out of Mr. Burroughs's picture of life. Nature's power to hurt man is abundantly illustrated. Nature's function to heal what she has hurt is ignored; of man's power over nature, compelling her to do his will, almost no mention is made. The struggle for existence is abundantly illustrated and its benefits are pointed out, but the struggle for others, which Drummond has abundantly illustrated in the "Ascent of Man," Mr. Burroughs ignores. The reality of moral evil he recognizes; but in his mechanical theory of the universe there is no place for either good or evil. It is impossible to de-spiritualize the universe and leave in it logically any place for either religion or ethics; and it is impossible to interpret life without recognizing as unquestioned facts reverence, justice, pity, love. Mr. Burroughs in accepting the universe drops out from it its most important phenomena.

Philosophy of Faith and the Fourth Gospel (The). By the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

WAR BOOKS

Ladies of Grecourt. By Ruth Gaines. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Rising Above the Ruins in France. By Corinna Haven Smith (Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith) and Caroline R. Hill. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In the pages of the first volume descriptions of the Valley of the Somme find prominent place. The Smith College Unit had its headquarters at Grécourt. The authors of the second volume tell us that no department of France had the record of the Somme, for almost its entire population was twice driven out. Both books give a personal touch. As opposed to the opinion that the best good is gained in more centralized efforts, we see here certain sure results obtained by units of helpers who went to live in the devastated regions, to share the conditions there, to doctor ailments, to restore community life. Both volumes would have been improved by indexes, and especially by adequate maps.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Misleading Newspaper Headlines—President-Elect Harding and the League of Nations; Parochial School Question in Michigan

THE OUTLOOK is of the opinion that the result of the National election shows that the American people believe that President-elect Harding does not stand for a policy of American isolation. Can you give evidence in support of The Outlook's opinion? Do you expect that President Harding and the Senate will put the United States in the League of Nations?

The Outlook gives several instances of misleading newspaper headlines. How do you account for so many of these in our dailies? What responsibility do you attach to such headlines?

Do you know of American citizens who depend upon headlines for their facts? If so, what kind of citizens are they? Would it be better if no headlines appeared in our papers, as is true of the French daily press

What is a parochial school? Are all such schools under Roman Catholic control? How do these schools differ from other schools?

If you had been a voter in the recent Michigan election, would you have voted for or against the so-called Parochial School Amendment to the Constitution of that State? What are your reasons?

What arguments can you give why the Supreme Court should not pass upon the constitutionality of a law before it is enacted? Does it? If not, what are its reasons?

Several times recently The Outlook has made the very important statement that the *unique contribution* [italics mine] the American people have made to the history of democracy is its public school system. Once before I asked, and again I ask, is this so? Are there any readers of The Outlook who can successfully challenge The Outlook's contention?

Would it be well to abolish all parochial schools and require the study of Biblical literature in the public schools?

Some towns have enacted legislation requiring all resident aliens to support the public schools financially. Do you think all of our States should enact such legislation?

The Cuban Election

For what reasons should American citizens be interested in the Cuban election?

The present Cuban election law was proposed by General Enoch Crowder. Who is he? What are the provisions of that law? Would it be well for our States to adopt it?

Do the Cubans divide easily into parties or are they inclined to follow leaders? How would you answer this question if applied to Mexico? Which tendency is better for a self-governing republic?

Who are General Gomez and Dr. Zayas? Are there any political leaders in the United States with whom these leaders might be compared?

The Outlook refers to the Cuban Revolution of 1898. What were its causes? Was the action and the attitude of the United States Government towards that revolution in any wise questionable?

The Outlook also refers to our second intervention in Cuba. What occasion was there for this? Have we any right to intervene in Cuba? If so, should we have?

In a recent conversation the writer of this study was told that "Cuba is just as dependent upon the United States as a child upon its mother," and that "Cuba has been the great altruistic adventure in international politics." Are there good reasons justifying such comments?

Do you know of any other nations that would not have annexed Cuba had they been in our place in 1898?

What do you know about the work of General Leonard Wood in Cuba? How many schools did he find there? How many did he leave? How many dollars did he find in the Cuban Treasury? How many did he leave? How long did he serve Cuba?

If you want further information on Cuba, read "Leonard Wood," by Eric Fisher Wood (Doran); "Cubans of To-day," by W. B. Parker (Putnams); "Cuba Past and Present," by A. H. Verrill (Dodd, Mead); "Cuba," by I. A. Wright (Macmillan).

What Started the Republican Avalanche?

Do you know of Democrats who voted the Republican ticket? If so, what were their reasons?

From reading the noteworthy mail and telegraphic post-election correspondence found in this issue of The Outlook, what and how many reasons do you find why the country went so overwhelmingly Republican?

Do you expect the contrast between the present and the next National Administrations to be very sharp? If you do, what are your reasons?

What words and expressions found in the correspondence of critics from the various parts of the country do you not understand?

Of what educational and political value is this correpondence to you?

Read the editorial entitled "The Flood Tide of Republicanism." How would you describe and define the responsibility of the Republican party as you see it?

What lessons do you think the result of the National election should teach the incoming Congress and our next President?

You will do well indeed to read, in connection with this topic, two books: "Political Systems in Transition," by Charles G. Fenwick (Century), and "The Federal Executive," by J. P. Hill (Houghton Mifflin).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

Vapo Cresolene

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the ***first*** indication of a ***cold*** or ***sore throat,*** which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; ***making breathing easy,*** relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists.
Send for Descriptive Booklet 31.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York.
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

Real mackerel! and so easy to get, too!

All you have to do is to give us your name and tell us where you live. We *couldn't* make it any easier for you than that.

Just do this and you'll be able to eat the very finest mackerel the sea produces. Big, fat, tender fish that are positively delightful.

The quality is there because our mackerel are selected fish, picked out by our experts from the best catches brought into Gloucester by the fishing boats.

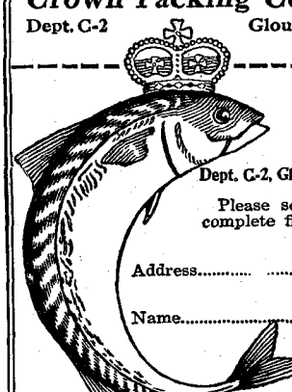
The flavor is there because these mackerel are packed a few minutes after the fishermen bring them in. We *know* they're fresh—and you'll know it too the minute you taste them. They come in handy little pails and keep perfectly until used.

Then if you like creamed codfish and codfish cakes, there's our salt cod. Big, white, steak-like pieces that are just about as fine as cod can be. All ready to use—and no bones in 'em either.

You'll find lots of other good things from the sea in our price list. In fact we offer nearly every variety—clams, lobster, shrimp, sardines, tuna, salmon—all fresh from the ocean, all carefully selected and perfectly packed.

Now the coupon is just below. Fill it out and mail it now. And then in a couple of days you'll have our price list and you can order the things that appeal most to you and your family. *And remember, everything is sent on approval. You do not send us a penny unless you are entirely satisfied with the sea food you order.*

Crown Packing Company
Dept. C-2 **Gloucester, Mass.**



Crown Packing Company
Dept. C-2, Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your complete fish price-list.

Address.....

Name.....

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The force that drives us ON—ON and ON

THE FORCE that is the Almighty Force of the Body; that controls every heart-beat, every breath, every vital organ, every muscle, and every cell of the body.

The FORCE that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power, and energy.

It is NERVE FORCE. Exactly what it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is. We know this: It is generated by the Nervous System, from which it is sent throughout the body at a speed greater than 100 feet a second. The Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs for the storage of Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our "Nerve Capital," and our Nerve Capital determines the degree of our health, strength, mental power, efficiency and all other physical and mental qualities.

The vital problem in Life, therefore, is the wisdom of expending our Nerve Force, for if we waste it ruthlessly and foolishly, we soon become Nerve Bankrupts. Every bodily act, especially every muscular act, uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. The greatest drain, however, is by way of the Brain. Mental work, worry, anxiety, anger, hate, fear, grief and other emotional expressions consume a tremendous amount of Nerve Force, which accounts for the fact that great mental strains so readily wreck the nerves, causing (Neurasthenia), or what is termed *Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration,* or *Nerve Exhaustion.*

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the mile-a-minute life. Nearly every man or woman you meet nowadays, especially those of higher intelligence and finer nerve quality are troubled with weak and deranged nerves. If you have strained your nerves through over-work, worry, grief or have ignorantly abused them otherwise, *submit your case to me,* and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU,* as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last 30 years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and *Psycho-analyst,* besides being generally experienced in Health Culture and kindred sciences. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "*Preliminary Diagnosis*" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists, and I shall send you *FREE,* other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before. *Write TO-DAY.*

IN YOUR NERVES LIES YOUR GREATEST STRENGTH, AND THERE ALSO, YOUR GREATEST WEAKNESS

WATCH YOUR NERVES!

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture.

Read this

Do not assume that your nerves are sound if your hands do not tremble. The most common and worst form of nerve trouble is that which involves the Sympathetic Nervous System, which is not indicated by tremor and twitchings of muscles.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion and derangement vary according to individual characteristics, but the most positive are those which involve the mind, namely nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness, impatience, undue worry, irritability, unhappiness, super-sensitiveness to criticism and the opinion of others, and in extreme cases poor concentration, poor memory, mental depression, unfounded fear, melancholia and hallucinations.

The physical symptoms can only be regarded as definite when they occur in conjunction with mental symptoms. The most common physical symptoms are: nervous indigestion, constipation, uneasiness in the region of the solar plexus, rapid and irregular heart, sluggishness of the vital organs, fatigue, lack of endurance, decline in sex force, various aches and pains, and super-sensitiveness to noises and pains.

An experienced Nerve Specialist does not err in his diagnosis of the nerves. In submitting your case to me for a Preliminary Diagnosis, I shall positively determine the degree your nerves are involved in any weaknesses, ailments, and other conditions you may report. As the diagnosis of nerve weaknesses may demand mention of extremely personal subjects, all correspondence is strictly confidential, and sent sealed, in a plain envelope, by first-class mail.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

110 West 40th Street, Studio 339 New York

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Please print name and address plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

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Why Women Are Buyers of Pyrene

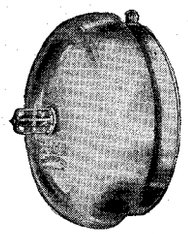
The reason is simple: It is woman's ancient instinct to defend home and children. Her modern judgment selects the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher as the best defense against fire.

Woman's intuitive trend toward Pyrene is confirmed by facts: 73 per cent of preventable fires are caused by stoves, furnaces, boilers and pipes. And 12 per cent of preventable fires are caused by defective flues and chimneys.

How often have you shuddered at the thought of fire in your home! But is Pyrene on hand to fight it?

Fire is always unexpected. Each year it destroys thousands of homes. Yearly it claims 15,000 lives—mostly women and children.

Install Pyrene now. Know the security of providing a permanent safeguard against fire. Price $10. Pyrene saves 15% on automobile fire insurance premiums.



Pyrene FIREKLOK—Placed at home danger spots, near the furnace or in the kitchen, Fireklok gives instant warning of fire. A hand extinguisher can then be used immediately and the fire put out before it can grow large and cause damage.

PYRENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
17 East 49th Street, New York
Atlanta Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Pyrene Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.

Pyrene and Fireklok are sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages.

Pyrene KILLS FIRE SAVES LIFE

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

HOW THE SQUARE DEAL BEAT THE STRIKE

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

WHILE an epidemic of strikes was becoming threatening, a strike which would have seriously affected a great industry in a city of eastern Pennsylvania was averted in a most unusual way. The workers in a certain mill repudiated the plans of the leaders of the union on the advice—not the demand—of their employer. When the union leaders formulated their plans, the employees of this mill refused to press them until they had talked the matter over with "the boss," and after they had so talked they turned the proposals down, and the strike was off, although a dozen mills were involved, and the union leaders left town with their prestige sadly impaired and their plans for tying up a big industry "gang agley." The incident was so unusual that it was worth investigating. Why, when the workers were everywhere turning against their employers, did this large group stand by their employer when they might have gouged things out of him? This is the answer as I found it. I have interviewed mill girls and mill men, foremen and superintendents, others outside the mill who knew something about the situation, and finally the employer himself. One fact stands revealed: That strike was averted, not by any eleventh-hour concessions, not by any paternalistic policy of club-houses and swimming-pools (which resembles, in the last analysis, the giving of candy to children to make them be good), but by the definite conviction, worked out into policy—a policy consistently maintained for many years—that the only way to industrial peace is by being absolutely on the square and by treating every employee down to the smallest bobbin girl as you hoped that employee would treat you. It was the square deal that beat the strike.

The mill in question is one of the largest, if not the largest, of its sort in the United States, and is engaged in the manufacture of a high grade of textiles. Names are not necessary to the story, but names can be given if any one is interested. It employs about thirteen hundred men and girls.

It has been in operation about thirty-eight years, first under the father of the present head, and for twenty years under his own direction. The policy that is now in force was begun immediately on his assuming direction, and it began to yield results years ago. For instance, it long ago assured a small labor turnover. And next to strikes there is nothing more costly to modern industry than the frequent changing of employees. The employees in this mill stayed. The girl workers usually remained here from the time they entered after leaving school until they were married, and many of them after they were married. A large percentage of the younger girls now are daughters of former women em-

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ployees, and whole families, fathers and sons and daughters, are to be found in the various departments of the mill. The foreman in one department told me that he had quit twice to go with other concerns, but that both times he had been glad to get back. "Never again for me; I'm here till I die." During the period of the war, when cutthroat competition for labor was at its worst, very few of the workers in this mill left their looms, although there were many munition plants in the neighborhood where very high wages were paid. I asked a grizzled old foreman why this condition existed. "'Cause the boss treats us all like humans, and he won't stand for anybody being any other way. He don't cuss us and he don't allow us to cuss any one else. He knows his people and he is not too proud to speak to us when he sees us. That's why we stick." Every one to whom I talked had the same story: "He treats us like men."

I said to the old foreman, "I notice you have safety devices and excellent working conditions in the mill."

"Yes," he said, "we had 'em before any mill in town, long before the State law made us put 'em in. But you don't notice that we have any of them new-fangled club-house things, do you—swimming-pools and all that? The boss doesn't go in for 'em. He says he is going to give us in wages all the business will stand. He ain't handing us nothing. You know, you can't fool working people. They think the same as you do, and they know when they are getting it handed to 'em, and when they are getting the square deal every moment of every day. But when some one in the mill has hard luck in the family they can always count on the boss. He don't see 'em stick."

I said: "Tell me about this strike. Why didn't you go out when the union leaders wanted you to go?"

He answered: "There wasn't any reason after we'd talked it over with the boss. You see, it was this way. Those leaders came here and called a meeting of the various shops. I'm a union man, and I went to the meeting. They told us we ought to have shorter hours and more pay; that everybody else was getting it, and we ought to too. They shaped up their demands, and I noticed the fellows from the other mills was waiting to see what we'd do. We told them we would have to talk it over in the shop before we'd say what that would be. So the next evening we had a shop meeting, and we sent a committee to see the boss. He talked over the whole matter with us, showed us what contracts he had on hand and that we could not cut down the hours and fill the contracts, told us that he had already planned to raise our wages, although not as much as the union asked. As he had already raised us four times in the last couple of years without being forced into it, we believed him, and went back and told the union leaders they could strike all they wanted to, but we wouldn't. What's the use of going back on a man like the boss?"

The same story was repeated everywhere I went. Many of the men were union members, but the union did not seem to count beside "the boss." He had their confidence, they believed in him, and they knew that they were being treated squarely. It was in brilliant contrast to much of the suspicion and dissatisfaction that I had found in many other places among the workers.

Then I sought "the boss" himself for

While the case is argued, the jury sleeps

If the lawyer talked for hours on the rising price of birdseed, the jury would miss little. But here the case is vital, and it concerns no one so much as this same heedless jury—the American people.

The judge in our picture represents a public commission, whose duty is to regulate electric light rates. And the case is whether the electric company shall obtain money needed for extension of service to make up the present shortage of light and power.

Lack of sufficient power is one reason why that shoe factory in town is running behind a thousand pairs a week—why the flour mill is short in its daily grist—why industry cannot meet the demand for larger production and lower prices.

Yet we are sadly indifferent to this problem and the solution which the electric company offers. The company's rates, taxes, extensions and improvements are matters that we leave to the public service commission to control, and we don't even take an interest in the case.

What a mistake! The case is ours. The public service commission is ours. The public servant is ours. The commission takes its authority from public opinion—the verdict we render.

So it is for us to say whether the electric company's cost of furnishing power and our own need for using power warrant an increased rate.

Certainly it is a short-sighted economy to deny a reasonable return on the money invested (often your own money) for that policy discourages investors and hampers the company's development. A fair rate assures a bigger and better service—added power available for factories to produce more at less cost per unit.

It may be that a few cents more on the electric bill will mean a few dollars *less* on the next suit of clothes we buy.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 16 *On the farm or in the metropolis, wherever people look to electricity for the comforts and conveniences of life today, the Western Electric Company offers a service as broad as the functions of electricity itself.*

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A CHALLENGE

The present situation in Paris is a real challenge to the American people. Big business is sending over thousands of employees to assist in the rebuilding of France, and in the Latin Quarter of Paris is a great body of American students pursuing special courses at the University and at the art and music studios.

The need of meeting places for social and religious purposes was never greater, but the provision is very inadequate.

The American Church in Paris

is making a tremendous effort to meet these conditions and is challenging the people of America to stand back of its enlarged program.

An adequate Building and Endowment Fund must be raised immediately here in America, and this appeal to our Christian people is made that these young business men and students shall come under the most wholesome influences while in Paris. When they later return to America, they must come

Strong in Mind, Body, and Spirit

fitted to be constructive leaders in the finer life of our Nation.

Two million dollars will be needed for new sites and buildings and the carrying on of a broad and comprehensive social and religious program. Generous contributions and assurances already indicate that $500,000 will be given by the various denominational boards of America, $500,000 will be raised for Endowment by 500 churches. Many very generous contributions to the above have already been received. This one million dollars is payable over a period of three years, but *$1,000,000 must immediately be pledged by individuals* to provide for present urgent needs.

This Is Where You Can Help

We need large gifts but we also need small gifts. Complete information of the whole program gladly furnished on request. Send just as generous a check as you can to the Co-Pastor, Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

Make checks payable to SAMUEL W. THURBER, Treasurer.

The Enlarged Program of the American Church in Paris has the endorsement of the Federal Council of Churches of America and the support of the leading ministers and laymen of the various denominations

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS
(Continued)

his side of this amazing story. He told me that when he assumed the direction, on the death of his father, he had made up his mind to run the business on one principle —that every one who worked in that mill was human like himself and entitled to the same treatment from him that he expected from them. "This is the place," he said, "where they have to live the largest part of their days—at least while they are awake. I determined that they should live that part just as pleasantly as possible, that sources of irritation should be removed as far as could be done, that everything that insures their better health should be provided for them. I don't give them anything. I don't think that is the way to deal with those who work for you. I pay them all the business permits, and then it's theirs. They have their own beneficial society, and they run it themselves. When they opened their co-operative store, I loaned them the money to get started, and they paid it back. It is their store, they run it, and I have nothing more to do with it than any one in the plant. I don't believe in paternalism in business, but I do believe in that sort of co-operation which promotes confidence, and I have found that it pays. That's all there is to it."

"But," I said, "are there not some among all the hundreds in this mill who are disgruntled and who do not play the game?"

"Certainly there are," he answered. "This mill is a cross-section of life, and there are always some people everywhere who are disgruntled. But when I hear of a man who is in such a case I send for him and we talk it out together. Sometimes he has a real grievance, and we get busy on the solution of it. Sometimes he finds when he has unburdened himself that things are not so serious, after all. If things are not going right in a department, I call that department together and we go over the situation. Every one is allowed to talk, and they know it. Some years ago we had such a meeting, and one after another there declared they thought things were all right. Then a man got up and said that he did not agree with them at all, that things were not all right; that he had a kick that he wanted to make, and he was going to make it. He then proceeded to point out certain conditions which were wrong, and we arranged at once to remedy them. I went to him after the meeting was over and told him that that was the sort of kick I wanted to hear, and the more he had the better I would be satisfied. He has helped many times since."

"But the strike," I said; "what about the strike?"

"Well," he answered, "you know, times are unusual and there is unrest in the air. When the labor leaders came to town, I did not know what might happen. But we had got a thing together during the years that even the unrest could not unsettle. When you have your people's confidence, they will follow you first, and so we had no strike."

And that is the whole of the story. The spindles are flying and the looms are purring away all day long in that big mill down by the river while other mills in other places stand idle. There is no Socialism about it or anything else at which doubtful souls shake their heads; nothing but the practical daily application of a principle as old as Christ, scorned by economists and doubted by the worldly-wise, but which at least in this case works. And

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this principle is the one thing the political Socialist fears most, for it is the thing, and the only thing, which will make forever impossible his dreams of a Utopia. Every one who knows anything knows that the old competitive way of doing business is at an end. The choice that we must make is between the enforced co-operation which the Socialist offers or the co-operation which this mill exemplifies, the working together of a band of men and women in a big job with a daily recognition that each has rights the other is bound to respect, and that when it becomes second nature to think of the others somehow the frictions vanish.

I have told this story in order to ask this question: "If it demonstrates a principle, in whose hands is the future peace of industrial America?"

TO REPAIR WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his "Sketch Book" essays, gave a delightful account of Westminster Abbey as it appeared to him a century ago, showing "marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something pleasing in its decay." And now, after the summers and winters of another century have passed over it, the venerable and glorious Abbey, which seems to epitomize the more than ten centuries of English history it has seen, has fallen into such a state of decay that its Dean last June made a stirring appeal to England and to all Anglo-Saxon peoples for funds with which to repair the great cathedral.

He asked for a fund of about $1,250,000, of which $1,000,000 is needed for structural repairs. The remainder of the sum asked for he would keep as a fund from which to draw as repairs may be needed from time to time. The London "Times" presented the Dean's appeal in a beautifully illustrated supplement, June 29, and from time to time has since shown by reproduction of photographs some of the ravages time has made in the greatest shrine of the English-speaking peoples of the world. The reasons for the decay in the structure, aside from its thousand years of history, are climatic and local. In the dry climate of Egypt temples, obelisks, and tombs remain to-day almost as fresh and durable as when the sculptors dropped their tools and chisels thousands of years ago. But Westminster Abbey, in the moist climate of England and in the heart of smoky and foggy London, naturally shows signs of "weathering." Even during the past thirty years repairs to the value of more than $500,000 have been made, and now much more expensive and extensive repairs are necessary to stay the ravages time and the elements combined have made upon the sacred edifice. As stated by Mr. Lethaby, surveyor of the Abbey, only structural repairs are to be made, and these chiefly upon the exterior.

The London "Times," on publishing the Dean's appeal, opened a subscription fund for the Abbey, which has been responded to by English-speaking givers throughout the world, which shows the feeling they entertain toward this venerable shrine, and it is pleasant to note that many Americans are numbered among the givers. Happily, also, it was an Anglo-American corporation that made the final contribution of £10,000 which completed the sum immediately necessary for re-

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This ten-day test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

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The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not combat it satisfactorily, so brushing leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles have been constantly increasing, despite the tooth brush.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved them by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion now approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Millions of people, as a result, now employ them daily.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is offered free, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

Five Much Desired Effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest the starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science knows to combat the great tooth destroyers. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will see several new effects, and the book we send will tell you what they mean. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

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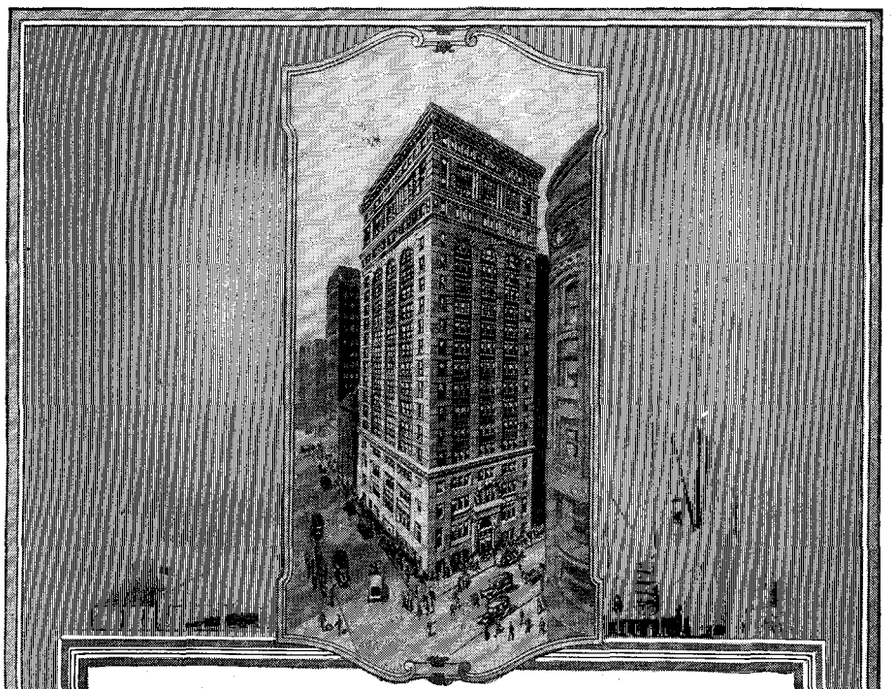

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TO REPAIR WESTMINSTER ABBEY
(Continued)

pairs, thus relieving the pressure for urgency and giving a longer time for raising the remainder of the fund. As the Dean has said, the Abbey "spiritually belongs to the English-speaking races." Americans naturally look upon Westminster Abbey as belonging to them as well as to Englishmen of to-day as a part of their common heritage.

Brooklyn, New York. H. T. SUDDUTH.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

BY BESSIE LOCKE
Corresponding Secretary National Kindergarten Association

DOES not the present deplorable state of affairs in this country and abroad indicate that we lack intelligence or do not use what we possess? The result is the same in either case.

The daily accounts of wars, murders, suicides, thefts, divorces, frauds, and labor troubles show a world that appears to be going from bad to worse. What is the remedy?

"The hope of the world lies in the children."

Commissioner Claxton has said:

> Let us add to the sum of human happiness, reduce crime, poverty, and misery, and enhance the well-being of our people by providing kindergarten training for all of the Nation's children.

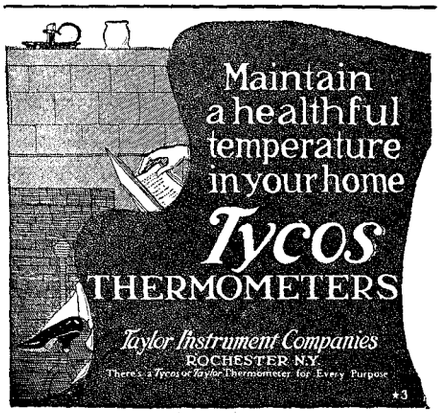
The Commissioner is so thoroughly convinced of the value of the kindergarten that years ago, when teaching in a Southern city, he maintained a kindergarten for Negro children, expending one-third of his salary on its support.

We should follow the path pointed out by this leader of our educational system and provide kindergarten training for every one of the Nation's children, nearly four million of whom are now being deprived of their rights in this regard.

Most of our States have laws permitting the establishment of kindergartens, but local school authorities have been slow about providing them, and every community has large numbers of little ones who are missing the joys and benefits of this helpful training which is such a splendid preparation for the formal work of the higher classes and for the responsibilities of life.

Most of our children are but a few years in school, and the two years which they might spend in kindergarten would add materially to their general intelligence besides enriching and directing their moral and social nature.

The National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City, is glad to co-operate with local efforts to have kindergartens established.



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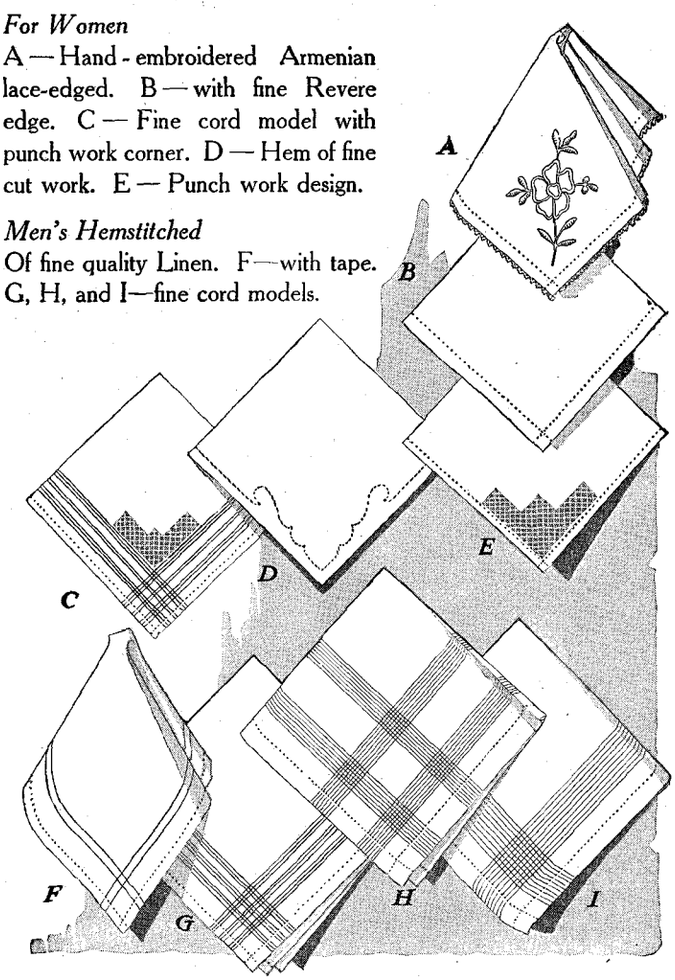

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